

The Heritage of Literature Series

SECTION A NO. 55

EIGHT SHORT STORIES

EIGHT SHORT STORIES

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FOREWORD

THERE is one simple test of a good story, be it lo or short, that the reader cannot lay down the bo till he has reached the end of it. With this test i mind we have no hesitation in offering you this co lection of modern stories by writers who, with the one exception of W. W. Jacobs, belong to the present and are still plying their craft.

"Short Story" is a convenient term to describe what is undoubtedly the most popular literary form of to-day, in which a single situation or episode is exploited without the complications of plot or of character one expects to find in a novel. Some of the stories in this book are not particularly "short" as regards the number of pages they require, but in each one the author has taken one incident out of the life of his character and given it importance and dramatic quality.

How this is done varies with the peculiar genius of the writer, and it is for you, the readers, to discover this as you read. You will appreciate the different "moods" of the stories and the devices of style, vocabulary and construction employed to express these moods. You will find knowledge of men and

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Mr. Joseph Conrad and Messrs. Methuen and Co. Ltd. for *Initiation*, from "The Mirror of the Sea."

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Mr. John Masefield and Messrs. W. Heinemann for a passage from "Gallipoli."

Mr. Ernest Bramah and Messrs. Methuen and Co. for *The Story of Yung Chang*, from "The Wallet of Kai Lung."

The literary executors of the late Richard Jefferies and Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for *The July Grass*, from "Field and Hedgerow."

Mr. Edmund Selous and Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd. for two passages from "A Bird Watcher in the Shetlands."

Mr. Thomas Hardy and Messrs. Macmillan for a passage from "Far from the Madding Crowd," and one from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Dame Ethel Smyth and Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for a passage from "Impressions that Remained."

Mr. Kenneth Grahame and Messrs. John Lane and Co. for passages from "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age."

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GENTLEMEN OF THE SEALED KNOT

IT all began in that moment when I suddenly became quite certain that I was being watched.

I spun round on my skates and stood there, in the middle of the frozen canal, and looked round warily. The Dutch boys might be up to their tricks again. They often were. You could hardly blame them for taking it out of a solitary English boy when they got the chance. After all, England and Holland had been at war only a year or two ago, and they still spoke of our Cromwell as though he were a bogy-man.

I stared round. The canal was lifted high above the frost-grey fields, and I could see a full mile each way across that dull Dutch countryside, until the haze grew too thick to pierce. And in all that landscape nothing stirred: the windmills stood along the dykes, not a sail turning; the willows and poplars might have been wrought iron, for not a branch so much as creaked or quivered in the breathless air.

"Imagination," I muttered, but I did not believe it. Half-heartedly I tried another figure on my skates. I made rather a mess of it. If the Dutch boys had been watching, crouched down behind the canal-

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I could only make out something about Englishmen. I answered, haltingly: "Yes, mynheer, I am English. I am afraid I cannot speak Dutch very well."

His eyebrows went up. Then it was my turn to show surprise again, for his next words were in fluent English. He shot out a claw-like hand, beckoning me to the edge of the ice, and peered down into my face. He spoke urgently, and, for all the quietness, like one used to command.

"What is your name, boy? What are you doing here? Englishmen seem as common as windmills, hereabouts!"

That puzzled me. "My name's Ralph Selden, sir. I don't know of any other Englishmen here except my father—and he's away at Leyden on business."

"Selden. . . . Of course, I remember. Your father is William Selden of Cambridge." He nodded approvingly. "He came to Holland four months ago to study methods of drainage and dyke-building, so that he may apply them in our own Fens. His mission has the warmest approval of the Lord Protector."

It was incredible. Father was not famous or anything, yet this stranger had every detail at his fingertips. I began to exclaim. He checked me.

"It is my business to know about Englishmen abroad. Europe is full of wandering Englishmen—

s deep as human nature and wide as human observa-ion, its form is limited by taste and experience to a matter of some thousand words. They must be the right words, too; for in the Essay a certain light-ness or subtlety of wit is essential. The epigram must seem to run easily from the pen; not arrive, as it were, in a pantechnicon. The subject must be balanced with the delicacy of a sonnet, or it will become dull; and while nothing is too slight and "every-day" so long as it is treated with originality and insight, the most profoundly important aspects of life and thought have been dealt with in masterly manner in the Essay form.

It will be seen that the lighter and more delicate type of Essay has been chosen for the first section.

THE PORTRAIT

To make a great Portrait either in words or in paint, far more is necessary than an accurate pre-sentation of features. The writer, or the painter, must be artist enough to know what to leave out as well as what to put in; and psychologist enough to read deep into the character which he has the skill to portray. Perhaps the difference between "snap-shot" and Portrait is that while the one is momentary the other is time-less; the camera records the light on the skin, the artist the light in the soul. And so in great word-portraits, such as those here chosen, it will be found that points of individuality are stressed

"There are times when honest men must spy to stop treason and murder, to save innocent lives. . . ." I saw that, and nodded. He smiled down at me and went on in a milder tone: "Call me spy if you like, boy. I prefer to call myself an agent of the English Government." He swept off his hat and bowed solemnly—I had to laugh, it was so funny to see that towering figure bend towards me. "Permit me to introduce myself, Ralph Selden—Doctor Pharaoh, once of the University of Cambridge, and now of any part of the globe where England has cause to send me! Just now she has sent me to Bresken in Holland, but I think it is the Lord who has sent *you* here to be my helper."

"Your helper?" I echoed. "How?"

He chuckled. "I have one great disadvantage in this work—I am a big man, and, once seen, easily remembered. If I walk into that inn I shall be recognized. Our English gentlemen will keep mum. I shall get nothing for my pains—unless it be a bullet at the first lonely spot on the road when we all move on."

"They'd do that?"

"They stick at nothing. Only a month or two ago at Cologne, where the young Prince weaves his plots in exile, they caught one of my friends."

"What did they do to him?"

"Took him into a wood and shot him."

awe; perhaps in the passage from *The Aran Islands* it is a sort of brave tenderness—as in all the works of J. M. Synge. But every reader must catch the Atmosphere for himself, for it is partly he.

CONVERSATION

Out of the thousands of novels, plays and stories that depend for their interest and development on Conversation, these three little examples have been chosen chiefly for one striking characteristic which they have in common. By such apparently simple means they give one so profound an insight into the characters of the speakers. The means are not so simple as at first sight they look, of course; for "economy" is one of the hardest lessons a writer has to learn—and one of his greatest assets when he has learnt it.

Queen Victoria and Mr. Greville say practically nothing; half of Father Keegan's "Conversation" is soliloquy; while the talk between Sanders and Sam'l is almost monosyllabic. Yet it would be hard to find an equally swift and simple way of taking one deep into the heart of the characters.

POWER

Two passages—the one by R. L. Stevenson, the other by John Masefield—have been placed side by side. They are both powerful passages, and neither loses by comparison with the other because they are

of plainly dressed Dutchmen. Yet, when I studied their faces, bending to meet across the table, I saw that in spite of their fancy clothes and curls there was nothing womanish about them.

I saw the firm jaws and narrowed eyes of men who, as Doctor Pharaoh had said, would stick at nothing. One was portly, red-faced and [illegible], a hard-drinking, hard-swearing cavalry officer. Another, the youngest of the three, was lean and pale with eyes that blazed madly, when he [illegible] ment, in the light of the candles. But the obvious leader of the group, and the most dangerous, whom the others addressed as Sir James, was a little thin, sandy fellow, with the coldest, cruelest face I have ever seen. He made me think of a [illegible].

Their dinner was getting near its end. The young man was saying: "The horses should be ready to move on in another hour."

"No hurry," said the red-faced man. [illegible]

NATURE

It was Keats who said bitterly:

> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
> Unweave a rainbow . . ."

—and in a sense he is right. But Keats lived a century ago, and science has advanced far since then—so far that we now realise that we are only on the fringe and verge of things, and as yet know practically nothing. Perhaps we can understand better to-day that scientific observation, far from killing mystery, has opened up unimagined vistas of wonder.

White of Selborne knew this, and old Izaak Walton, before Keats's day; and in our own time Richard Jefferies and Mr. Edmund Selous, and a great host of nature-lovers, who are also men of letters; while no man has ever seen and portrayed the beauty and pathos of primitive country life with a clearer insight than Mr. Thomas Hardy.

CHILDREN

One would like to suggest that the most hopeful sign in the mentality of the modern world is its attitude towards children—its ever-increasing sympathy and interest in children's welfare and happiness. This is very strongly reflected in literature, wher such masterpieces as *Dream Days* and *The Golde Age*, *Bevis*, *Jeremy*, certain stories by Mr. Rudya

I knew that I should overhear nothing more, and, Heaven knows, I had heard enough. Someone named Wytham was to be murdered at Tielpoort, first thing in the morning. Wytham? Suddenly the name seemed to click in my brain. Of course—Lord Wytham, the new English Ambassador at The Hague! The blood rushed to my cheeks as I realized the full importance of the news.

I had already risen to my feet, trying to act casually, like a boy who was bored and tired of waiting to deliver his message. But now I was so anxious to carry my news to Doctor Pharaoh that I moved more hastily. I collided with one of the serving-girls so that she nearly dropped her tray, and beer went slopping all over my sleeve. I muttered an apology, and she smiled and dabbed at my arm with her cloth; then I made my escape just as quickly as I could.

In the doorway I turned and stole a glance at the Englishmen's table. Sir James and the young man were talking hard. But the red-faced fellow had gone.

. . . .

I stepped out into the cobbled yard. The night air stung my hot cheeks. My mind was racing ahead of my stumbling feet: in imagination, I was already at the far end of the village, reporting to Doctor Pharaoh

Human character has not changed in our own day. A statesman cannot speak at Limehouse as he would at Westminster; nor could David Roberts, in the speech which is here quoted from the great play called *Strife*, harangue the strikers in the manner of President Wilson addressing Congress on the subject of a League of Nations. One may read these two speeches first for their own force and value, then for the sake of comparison and contrast.

CRITICISM

Criticism, as Mr. Howe very pertinently points out, does not mean the passing of adverse judgments. Rather, it is a search for the best and an understanding of the best; and the business of the critic is to use disinterestedly all his insight, experience, and taste in order to guide us to what is best in the creative work of others. And if this entails the pruning out of what is weak or slipshod or dangerous, that is a secondary function of criticism. "Literature must be purged of this taint," said Macaulay as he placed poor Montgomery in the pillory; but we do not honour Macaulay for keeping him there. And what do we think to-day of Byron for labelling Wordsworth "idiot" and Coleridge "an ass"? Or of the Edinburgh Reviewers of a hundred years ago for their treatment of Keats?

The critic must be actuated solely by a love of what is best in literature, or music, or painting, or

young man said anxiously: "What shall we do with him? He must have heard?"

The red-faced man chuckled brutally. "Let him study the canals like his Sire. A small hole in the ice, and no questions asked."

"*No!*" said the young one in a horrified tone. "We're gentlemen, not murderers! Wytham is bad enough . . . but we do that for the cause."

"Quiet, both of you," ordered Sir James. We all stood there in the inky shadow. The hand was over my mouth again, the iron grip never relaxed from the arm twisted behind my back. He thought for a few moments longer. Then he said: "You must not be so squeamish, Anthony. The servants of the Sealed Knot must do whatever is necessary. But the death of this boy is not necessary—it will only hinder our cause by making fresh enemies. Tie him up, gag him firmly, and shut him up in one of these out-houses. By the time he is found we shall have done our work, and be miles on our road to—where we are going."

"All right," growled Red-face sulkily. "But he'd have made a neat hole in the ice!"

. . . .

The next few hours were about the worst I have ever spent. How often, playing with other boys, I

RHYTHMIC PROSE

That there is a rhythm of prose as well as of poetry has been recognised since the time of Aristotle, probably longer; but no one has yet succeeded in establishing a decisive Theory of Prose Rhythm, and the attempt will not be made here. Suffice it to say that no one can read the glorious English of the Authorised Version, or Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*, or De Quincy's *Opium-Eater*, without being struck by the beautiful musical quality of their prose. Yet it is Prose, not Poetry. A glorious passage such as this: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," is wonderfully satisfying to one's sense of the beautiful. This is partly due to the musical sequence of vowel-sounds, partly to the beauty of its rhythm. But prose rhythm is free and elusive, not to be tied down by rules and conventions. And it would seem that the difference is just this: That whereas the rhythm of poetry is formal, metrical and repetitive, the key to prose rhythm—whether it depends finally on sense-stress, or whether it is physical, necessitated by the actual structure of words—is a subtle and informal variety.

by working my legs to and fro, to start a miniature landslide of logs. Part of the heap came rumbling down with a loud noise, and I felt sure that someone would come to investigate, but silence fell again, and nobody came near.

Yet, in the end, it was well they had shut me in the wood-shed and not amid the comfortable hay. There would have been no hatchet in the hayloft. As it was, I suddenly discovered it, and, what was more, the tip of the blade was firmly embedded in the large block on which the servant split the logs!

This was marvellous luck. I could not have done much with a loose hatchet, but this one offered me a blade, fixed quite rigidly, in a position that I could reach with my hands tied behind me. It was not easy. A hatchet used only for splitting firewood is seldom razor-keen, and it cost me a good many minutes of desperate sawing before I felt the tightness at my wrists go suddenly, leaving me with only a few loops of slackened cord.

After that it was easy. Out came the sodden handkerchief from between my teeth, a few seconds were spared to massage the ache from wrists and arms, and another minute freed my ankles. The door of the shed had neither lock nor bolt, only a latch. I burst out into the yard, almost falling full length on the slippery cobbles. The first thing I saw was the

Only then did I start calculating, setting the distance against the time. "You can't do it," I groaned.

"I must do it."

"Not with the roads in this state. They're like glass."

He swung his vast bulk into the saddle. "Sir James and his friends will do it."

"But they've had hours of start. They could walk their horses. *You* can't."

"I must trust in the Lord," he said simply. "Good-bye, Ralph Selden; you've done a good night's work."

He touched the mare, and she started forward, and down the moonlit street they clattered at a speed that made me wince. I walked after them, simply because it was the way to the farm where we were lodged, and I wanted to find my skates where Redface had kicked them when he seized me under the archway. They were still there all right, and I walked on out of Bresken, suddenly conscious how cold and hungry and tired I was. My adventure had ended as abruptly as it had started.

. . . .

But it proved otherwise.

As I passed from the village street into the open country and saw the long, moonlit road striped with

a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

> His body is perfectly spherical,
> He weareth a runcible hat.

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite another element—the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

> Far and few, far and few,
> Are the lands where the Jumblies live,

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in *Jabberwocky*. Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with more subtle and placid effrontery, is always introducing scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle of

"Then the Ambassador is done for!" He groaned. "Think, boy, is there no other way?"

Then, in a twinkling, the idea came. "Yes, sir! I've just thought—the canal! It runs to Tielpoort, straight as a die! Half the distance of the road——"

"I can't ride along a canal——"

"It's frozen——"

"And more slippery than the road!"

"I don't mean ride," I said impatiently. "I mean *skate*."

As I said that, I knew for certain that it must be I who went to Tielpoort. There could be few Englishmen in the world with enough experience of skating to cover all those miles. I was not sure I could do it myself. But I could try.

Doctor Pharaoh wasted no time in argument. He asked one or two sensible questions, and then the matter was settled. To my relief, he had provisions in his saddle-bag, and, as I listened to his instructions, I was able to eat and sip the spirit-and-water he carried in his flask. "Take it," he said, "and the food —but only a sip, mind, when you feel chilled." We said good-bye then, rather solemnly, he mumbling some text from the Bible, and I ran down across the fields, my feet scrunching the frozen furrows, to where the canal lay between its high banks, a narrow white stripe running to the far horizon.

I knelt, strapped on my skates, and started, wonder-

another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Even the vulgarest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities—the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer; the world must not only be tragic, romantic, and religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in the "wonders" of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the park-keeper. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.



. . . on, on, with aching legs and thumping h

compartment. It was as I stooped to pick up the sixpence, which had suddenly gleamed at me under the seat of the now empty carriage, that I said to myself that finding things is one of the purest of earthly joys.

And how rare!

I have, in a lifetime that now and then appals me by its length, found almost nothing. These three things this week; a brown-paper packet when I was about seven, containing eight pennies and one half-penny; on the grass in the New Forest, when I was about twenty, a half-dollar piece; and in Brighton, not long after, a gold brooch of just sufficient value to make it decent to take it to the police station, from which, a year later, no one having claimed it, it was returned to me; these constitute nearly half a century's haul. I might add—now and then, perhaps, a safety-pin, pencil, some other trifle, which, however well supplied with such articles one may be, cannot be acquired from a clear sky without a thrill. Even Mr. Rockefeller, I take it, would not have been unmoved had he, instead of myself, stumbled on that treasure between Stony Cross and Boldrewood.

To be given such things is not comparable. With a gift—intention, consciousness, preparation, come in; to say nothing of obligation later. The event is also complicated (and therefore shorn of its glory) by the second person, since the gift must be given. But, suddenly dropping one's eyes, to be aware of a coin—that is sheer rapture. Other things can be exciting

It was not hard to find the principal inn where the English Ambassador had slept. Its galleried courtyard was already astir. Lanterns bobbed everywhere. Even as I dragged my weary legs under the archway, the ostlers were harnessing four powerful Flemish beasts to a heavy coach.

I plucked a servant by the sleeve and asked for the Ambassador, only to be brushed aside with an impatient laugh. Then I tackled a lanky, cross-looking fellow, a secretary to judge from the papers in his hand.

"Are you crazy?" he said roughly. Then, with surprise: "Why, you're English!"

"I must see the Ambassador," I whispered. "At once."

He gave me a narrow look, summing me up. Then, without further dispute, he led me by way of a staircase to a handsome upper room, where a small, white-haired gentleman was eating hurriedly as he stood, already cloaked and hatted for the road.

I bowed as I had been taught to do to a nobleman. "My Lord, I have a message—from Doctor Pharaoh."

The old gentleman started. "Pharaoh? That faithful watch-dog. Close the door, Mr. Benson, and stand against it. Well, boy?"

My knees felt suddenly like water. I clutched at

the palings by its adherent string. There is also the coin attached to a string which can be dropped in the street and instantly pulled up again, setting every eye at a pavement scrutiny. Could there be lower tricks? I fear so, because some years ago, in the great days of a rendezvous of Bohemians in the Strand known as the Marble Halls, a wicked wag (I have been told) once nailed a bad but plausible sovereign to the floor and waited events. In the case of the purse and string the butts are few and far between and there is usually only a small audience to rejoice in their discomfiture, but the *dénouement* of the cruel comedy of which acquisitiveness and cunning were the warp and woof at the Marble Halls was only too bitterly public. I am told, such is human resourcefulness in guile, that very few of those who saw the coin and marked it down as their own went for it right away, because had they done so the action might have been noticed and the booty claimed. Instead, the discoverer would look swiftly and stealthily round, and then gradually and with every affectation of nonchalance (which to those in the secret, watching from the corners of their wicked eyes, was so funny as to be an agony) he would get nearer and nearer until he was able at last to place one foot on it.

This accomplished, he would relax into something like real naturalness, and, practically certain of his prey, take things easily for a moment or so. Often, I am told, the poor dupe would, at this point, whistle

must himself supply the reason why we should laugh at him. To make him seem ridiculous by means of a practical joke is to cheat ourselves into laughter. Even if it is not cruel, it is bad art, like the mechanical excitements supplied by the scenery of the melodrama. But practical jokes practised on the public at large are still popular, partly because the public, not knowing who has practised them, cannot take its revenge, and partly because they make a stir which gives the joker a sense of power. He, no doubt, is usually a man who could not produce any kind of effect upon the public mind by any rational exercise of his faculties. To those who know him and have to do with him in the ordinary routine of his life he is a nobody; but, if he can set the world talking by means of a practical joke, he seems to himself a somebody, even though the world cannot put a name to him. He wins only an anonymous notoriety for a moment; but even that flatters him, for it means that he has a secret over which he can chuckle. In one respect at least he is wiser than all the world, for he alone knows who has played the joke upon it.

Officials, as representing the public, are often the victims of this kind of joke; and when it is practised upon them it has rather more point than when it is practised upon the public at large. For officials, besides representing the public, are commonly regarded as misrepresenting them, and therefore as being their enemies; and, since they have more power of revenge than the public at large, there is mor

QUESTIONABLE CARGO

"Talking of flying strange freight, I'll tell you a story of something that happened to me a little while ago; I doubt if anybody has had an experience quite like it," I said, looking round the pilots' room at the airport where I, and most of the others present, was employed.

Work was over for the day, and those of us who had no reason to hurry home had forgathered for the usual evening chat.

"As I say, it happened some time ago, before I was taken on by Transit Airways, so I don't think there is any harm in telling you about it now; but it wouldn't do to talk about it outside, as you'll realize when you've heard it."

"Go ahead, Tommy," invited Ben Garrick, our senior pilot, stretching out his feet to the fire, for the weather was none too warm.

"The thing started," I continued, "by my spotting an advertisement in the personal column of *The Times*. I was out of a job, and kept my eye on the column more in the hope that something would turn up, than in confidence that it would. The advertise-

magazine of practical jokes which he thought amusing, and they are nearly all of this pointless kind. One was to tie a piece of meat securely to the bell-handles which dangle outside the gates of certain suburban villas in the hope that every passing dog would grab at the meat and set the bell ringing. Probably the fun here lies in the notion that the inhabitants of suburban villas are an absurd people, whose function is to be the victims of a harlequinade in real life. To do Hook justice, he ends with a story illustrating the dangers of practical joking; but the fact remains that he thought his practical jokes were real jokes, whereas they were not jokes at all but mere human imitations of the cruelties of chance. Indeed, most practical jokers only prove their inability to make a real joke by their inordinate desire to do so. Nothing amuses them so much as a trick of chance played upon some one else; and they try to repeat this amusement by playing the part of chance themselves. M. Bergson, the philosopher of laughter, explains their sense of humour, but nothing can excuse it.

A "Times" Third Leader.

FREAKS OF MEMORY

It was my fortune not long since to meet again, in the flesh, the most famous of our prophets. I need not mention his name; enough to say that his cautious vaticination is on sale everywhere, even in

hundred pounds for the round trip and all expenses paid.

"Well, it wasn't for me to quibble. The job suited me all right; in fact, it looked like money for jam, as the saying is. A hundred pounds isn't to be sniffed at at any time, but when you're pretty well on your uppers it becomes even more alluring. Naturally, I said: Yes, I'd go. When were we due to start? When he told me that we were to start the following morning, catching the ten o'clock boat train from Victoria, I must confess that I was a bit taken aback; but it didn't take me many minutes to put my kit into a suitcase, and at a quarter to ten the next morning I was on the Continental platform waiting for my benefactor.

"I was a bit relieved to see him come striding down the platform, because even until the last minute the job seemed too good to be true, and I half suspected that it would fall through. These easy-money propositions seldom materialize, as you may have noticed. This one did, though.

"As soon as we were in the train he handed me ten five-pound notes, being half the agreed fee; the balance, he said, would be paid on the safe delivery of the machine in England.

"There's no need for me to tell you about our trip across France. It was all perfectly straightforward. We had three hours to wait in Paris, where he stood

have given an upward impulse. That was not done, but the memory, at any rate, being all spirit, might have been exempted from the general law. But no; as we grow older, not only do we remember with less and less accuracy, but of what we retain much is inferior to that which once we had but now have lost.

I, for example, who once had long passages not only from the great poets, but also from the less great but often more intimate poets,—such as Matthew Arnold and William Cory, to mention two favourites,—at the tip of the tongue, now have to recite myself to sleep with a Bab Ballad. That rubbish never fails me, but I cannot at this moment give the right sequence of any two of the quatrains of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, although once, and for years, I had the whole poem complete too. I would rather have been left the wistful Persian than Gilbert's *Etiquette*, but the jade Memory had other views.

Any prose that I might once have learned naturally faded first, because there was no rhyme or metre to assist retention; but why is it that there is one sentence which, never wholly mine, flits so often before the inward eye? It is in that story of Mr. Kipling's of the mutinous elephant who refused to work because his master was too long absent. This master, one Dheesa (you will remember), having obtained leave for a jaunt, exceeded his term; and the sentence which recurs to me, hazily and hauntingly, often twice a day and usually once, with

East Anglia from his pocket and pointed to a field near a small hamlet just north of Stonemartin.

"'But we can't land there,' I protested.

"'Why not?' he asked, apparently surprised.

"'Because we've got to clear customs,' I said, 'which means that before we do anything else, we've got to land at a recognized airport. After we've got a clearance certificate you can go on to anywhere you like, but you can't just hop off from here and land in any old field in England that suits your fancy. No, sir.'

"He wouldn't have that. He said it was all red-tape nonsense, and he wasn't going to mess about signing papers, and so on and so forth.

"When he had finished I told him there was nothing doing. Either we were going to land at a proper airport, or he could fly the machine home himself, because I wasn't going to lose my ticket, and perhaps get six months in quod into the bargain, for the sake of a hundred pounds. 'And anyway,' I said, 'what have you got in that case in the cabin?' For the cabin was pretty well filled with a whacking great packing-case.

"'That's my business,' he answered curtly.

"'That's where you're wrong,' I told him. 'It's my business as well as yours.'

"Well, we argued for a bit, and then, as if he had suddenly made up his mind, he said we'd go to a

him and his methods with sufficient accuracy for everyone (there were about six of us) to recognise him. Some of us could even say in what parts we had seen him and compare notes as to his excellence, and yet his name absolutely eluded one and all. Why? We all knew it; why did we unanimously fail to know it then?

We parted intent upon obtaining this necessary information, my last sapient words being that to the best of my belief his first name was Joseph and his second began with P. On meeting again the next day, each of us had it pat enough, and it had broken upon each, more or less suddenly, during the night. Since the name was Michael Sherbrooke, you will understand why, in my case, its arrival was peculiarly gratifying. If I am not now known to those others as Mrs. Nickleby, it is only because they are so kindhearted.

The great mystery is, Where, while one is forgetting them, are the things one forgets, but suddenly will remember again? Where are they lurking? This problem of their whereabouts, their capacity to hide and elude, distresses me far more than one's inability to call them from the vasty deep of the brain. Or are they, perhaps, not there at all? Do they not, perhaps, have evenings out, times off for lunch and so forth, and thus we sometimes miss them? Or can there perhaps be some vast extra-mural territory of the brain from which facts have to be fetched—as, if one would consult old newspapers at the British

the sort, but then, you haven't seen the old man. He looked as if he couldn't hurt a fly, and I hadn't the slightest doubt in my mind about who would win if it came to a real show-down. That's the worst of being over-confident. And anyway, in these enlightened days, one doesn't expect a passenger—but wait a minute; let's keep things in the right order.

"We crossed the Channel, roared on over Kent, and had left the Thames behind us, when the old man, who had gone back into the cabin for something, reappeared and said, 'Where are you making for?'

"'Abridge, of course,' I replied. 'We shall be there in ten minutes.'

"'I turned sideways to stare at him, and a nasty sight awaited me. The friendly look had gone out of his eyes. In his hand was an automatic, and on his back was a parachute, which he had apparently just fetched from his suitcase.

"'What's the big idea?' I snapped.

"'You do as you're told, or you'll see,' he declared. 'If you make a move towards Abridge I'll blow you in halves,' and he looked as if he meant it.

"There was no need for me to ask what he was going to do in an uncontrolled aeroplane if he shot me. That was plain enough. He was going over the side with his parachute, and by the time the wreck of the machine had burnt itself out on the ground, with

for the First Time, and *Past and Present, a Triple Picture of a Faithless Wife.* She was a lady, no doubt, who could not submit to the marriage yolk. Anyhow, she had a great fall, and Augustus did his best to put her together again. "Egg," the Encyclopædia tells us finally, "was rather below the middle height, with dark hair and a handsome, well-formed face." He seems to have been a man, take him for all in all: we shall not look upon his like again.

Even so, Augustus was not the only Egg. He was certainly not the egg in search of which I opened the Encyclopædia. The egg I was looking for was the Easter Egg, and it seemed to be the only egg that was not mentioned. There were birds' eggs, and reptiles' eggs, and fishes' eggs, and molluscs' eggs, and crustaceans' eggs, and insects' eggs, and frogs' eggs, and Augustus Egg, and the eggs of the duck-billed platypus, which is the only mammal (except the spiny ant-eater) whose eggs are provided with a large store of yolk, enclosed within a shell, and extruded to undergo development apart from the maternal tissues. I do not know whether it is evidence of the irrelevance of the human mind or of our implacable greed of knowledge, but within five minutes I was deep in the subject of eggs in general, and had forgotten all about the Easter variety. I found myself fascinated especially by the eggs of fishes. There were so many of them that one was impressed as one is on being told the population of London. "It has been calculated," says the writer

nent marched me, and heaved me into a little room with one tiny window high up in the wall. Then they went out and locked the door behind them.

"Things didn't look so rosy, as you'll admit, and I was ready to kick myself to death for being such an ass as to walk into the trap with my eyes wide open. What the end of the affair was to be I couldn't imagine. Were they going to keep me a prisoner for the rest of my life? Or were they going to murder me and dispose of my body quietly as soon as it was convenient? It was plain enough that anything could happen to me now without anyone being the wiser. No, the more I thought about it the less I liked it.

"I suppose I had been sitting in the room about an hour when the door opened and in walked Day, followed by one of his ebony thugs with a tray on which a meal had been laid. By this time it was well after tea-time, and having had no lunch I was ready for a bite. There was no longer anything aggressive about Day. He was more like his old self, smiling cheerfully, and full of apologies. He waited for the coloured gent to set down the tray and depart, and then he turned to me with an air of real regret.

"'A thousand apologies, my dear fellow,' he said. 'I have treated you shamefully—foolishly, and I have decided to tell you the reason if you care to listen.'

"'Go ahead,' I said shortly, helping myself to some sandwiches. 'I've got a pretty good idea of what

when we answered bitterly "Counting turbots' eggs," they would hurry off with an apprehensive look on their faces. The naturalist, it is clear, must be capable of a persistence that is beyond the reach of most of us. I calculate that, if he were able to work for fourteen hours a day, counting at the rate of 10,000 an hour, even then it would take him 122,214 days to count the eggs of a single turbot. After that it would take a chartered accountant at least 122,214 days to check his figures. One can gather from this some idea of the enormous industry of men of science. For myself, I could more easily paint the Sistine Madonna or compose a Tenth Symphony than be content to loose myself into this universe of numbers. Pythagoras, I believe, discovered a sort of philosophy in numbers, but even he did not count beyond seven.

After the fishes, the reptiles seem fairly modest creatures. The ordinary snake does not lay more than twenty or thirty eggs, and even the python is content to stop at a hundred. The crocodile, though a wicked animal, lays only twenty or thirty; the tortoise as few as two or four; and the turtle does not exceed two hundred. But I am not really interested in eggs—at least, in any eggs but birds' eggs—or should not have been, if I had not read the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The sight of a fly's egg—if the fly lays an egg—fills me with disgust—and frogs' eggs attract me only with the fascination of repulsion. What one likes about the birds is that they lay such pretty eggs. Even the duck lays a pretty egg. The

in Kenya. It was rather off the map, my bungalow being about seventy miles from that of Major James, who was my nearest neighbour. It was quite a pleasant spot, but it had one serious drawback—leopards. I've travelled a lot, in Africa particularly, but never in my life have I struck a district so infested with leopards—which, in case you don't know, are a good deal more dangerous than lions. Anyway, I've never had an unprovoked attack made on me by a lion; nor have I ever been afraid of lions; but I've been afraid of leopards.

"'To make a long story short I lost a lot of boys through these confounded beasts, and things came to such a pass that I had a job to get labourers at all. Those that stuck to me refused to move a yard without an armed guard, and I can't say that I altogether blamed them. But this doubled my wages bill and in the end I declared war on the whole tribe of these spotted devils. I hunted them with my rifle morning, noon and night, and I killed a lot, chiefly with the assistance of my dogs. But good dogs were the difficulty. Few breeds will face a leopard, and precious few will go into the bush to turn him out.

"'The best dog I ever had for the job was a bull terrier. He was afraid of nothing on four legs or two. But he grew old until it was no longer fair to hunt him. His spirit was as fine as ever, but neither his strength nor his teeth were what they had been. So I

woman or child or a guest to prevent it, that when I am asked how I like the eggs to be done I make it a point to say "poached" or "fried." It gives me at least a chance of getting one of the sort of eggs I like by accident. As for poached eggs, I agree. There are nine ways of poaching eggs, and each of them is worse than the other. Still, there is one good thing about poached eggs: one is never disappointed. One accepts a poached egg like fate. There is no sitting on tenter-hooks, watching and waiting and wondering, as there is in regard to boiled eggs. I admit that most of the difficulties associated with boiled eggs could be got over by the use of egg-cosies—appurtenances of the breakfast-table that stirred me to the very depths of delight when I first set eyes on them as a child. It was at a mothers' meeting, where I was the only male present. Thousands of women sat round me, sewing and knitting things for a church bazaar. Much might be written about egg-cosies. Much might be said for and much against. They would be effective, however, only if it were regarded as a point of honour not to look under the cosy before choosing the egg. And the sense of honour, they say, is a purely masculine attribute. Children never had it, and women have lost it. I do not know a single woman whom I would trust not to look under an egg-cosy—not, at least, unless she were forbidden eggs by the doctor. In that case, any egg would seem delicious, and she would seize earest, irrespective of class or colour.



Over I went, with the leopard on top of me

SECOND SECTION

THE PORTRAIT

GENERAL GORDON

GENERAL GORDON IN PALESTINE

DURING the year 1883 a solitary English gentleman was to be seen, wandering, with a thick book under his arm, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. His unassuming figure, short and slight, with its half-gliding, half-tripping motion, gave him a boyish aspect, which contrasted, oddly but not unpleasantly, with the touch of grey on his hair and whiskers. There was the same contrast—enigmatic and attractive—between the sunburnt brick-red complexion—the hue of the seasoned traveller—and the large blue eyes, with their look of almost childish sincerity. To the friendly inquirer, he would explain, in a low, soft, and very distinct voice, that he was engaged in elucidating four questions—the site of the Crucifixion, the line of division between the tribes of Benjamin and Judah, the identification of Gibeon, and the position of the Garden of Eden. He was also, he would add, most anxious to discover the spot where the Ark first touched ground, after the subsidence of the Flood: he believed, indeed, that he had solved that problem, as a reference to

"'They went at the leopard and where their teeth sank they held on. Through a sort of red mist I could see that Judy had it by the throat. The beast left me, of course, and I managed to get on my feet in time to see a whirling mass of dogs, leopard, blood and hair. The leopard was an enormous brute, and I knew that unless I did something quickly there would be little left of either my dogs or the leopard. I staggered into the living-room, snatched up my rifle and returned. The veranda was a shambles, and the dickens of it was for a minute or two I dare not shoot for fear of hitting one of the dogs.

"'Finally, however, my chance came. I shoved the muzzle of the rifle into the brute's ear and pulled the trigger. It rolled over dead and I flopped across it in a faint.

"'When I came round I was lying in a pool of gore—some of which was my own. Not one of my boys had come to my aid, the cowardly rascals. Such was their fear of the leopards they had bolted for their lives at my first cry of help. One of them was up a tree, and when he saw me get to my feet he called the others and they came back. A lot of use it was then.

"'Well, we sorted out the living from the dead. Poor Judy was dead. Old Buster, game to the last, was dying, and the four pups were so badly mauled that I thought none of them would survive. Yet

them, found them employment, corresponded with them when they went out into the world. They were, he said, his *Wangs*. It was only by a singular austerity of living that he was able to afford such a variety of charitable expenses. The easy luxuries of his class and station were unknown to him: his clothes verged upon the shabby; and his frugal meals were eaten at a table with a drawer, into which the loaf and plate were quickly swept at the approach of his poor visitors. Special occasions demanded special sacrifices. When, during the Lancashire famine, a public subscription was opened, finding that he had no ready money, he remembered his Chinese medal, and, after effacing the inscription, sent it as an anonymous gift.

Except for his boys and his paupers he lived alone.

GORDON'S DEATH

He had been on the roof, in his dressing-gown, when the attack began; and he had only time to hurry to his bedroom, to slip on a white uniform, and to seize a sword and revolver, before the foremost o his assailants were in the palace. The crowd was le by four of the fiercest of the Mahdi's followers—ta and swarthy Dervishes, splendid in their many coloured *jibbehs*, their great swords drawn from th scabbards of brass and velvet, their spears flourishi above their heads. Gordon met them at the top the stair-case. For a moment, there was a deat

tised, and I found you. Now you know what was in the case in the cabin.'

"As he finished speaking Day crossed over to the door and pushed it open. Four brindled bull terriers poured into the room, leaping and mouthing over the master they evidently adored.

. . . . .

"Well, that's the story. What could I do? The old man looked at me, and then looked at the dogs with tears in his eyes.

"'You must do what you think right and proper,' he said. 'If this business lies heavily on your conscience, go to the police and tell them what you have done. They will fine you. That doesn't matter. They will take my dogs. That will upset me. They may even destroy them after what has happened. That, I think, would be more than I could bear.'"

I looked round the room at the other pilots. "What would you have done in my place?" I asked. "No, you needn't tell me. I know. You'd have done what I did, which was to shake hands with the old man and go my way, regardless of regulations or anything else. I——"

But Ben Carrick had sprung to his feet, with his eyes blazing. "How long ago did this happen?" he demanded.

his career have been recorded by a contemporary, who was probably his friend and travelling companion. A collection of letters, addressed to the little religious communities which he founded, reveals the character of the writer no less than the nature of his work. Alone among the first preachers of Christianity, he stands before us as a living man. We know very little in reality of Peter and James and John, of Apollos and Barnabas. And of our divine Master no biography can ever be written.

With St. Paul it is quite different. He is a saint without a luminous halo. His personal characteristics are too distinct and too human to make idealisation easy. For this reason he has never been the object of popular devotion. Shadowy figures like St. Joseph and St. Anne have been divinised and surrounded with picturesque legends; but St. Paul has been spared the honour or the ignominy of being coaxed and wheedled by the piety of paganised Christianity. No tender fairy-tales are attached to his cult; he remains for us what he was in the flesh. It is even possible to feel an active dislike for him. Lagarde abuses him as a politician might vilify an opponent. "It is monstrous" (says he) "that men of any historical training should attach any importance to this Paul. This outsider was a Pharisee from top to toe even after he became a Christian"—and much more to the same effect. Nietzsche describes him as "one of the most ambitious of men, whose superstition was only equalled by his cunning. A much

IN BORROWED PLUMES

THE master of the *Sarah Jane* had been missing for two days, and all on board, with the exception of the boy, whom nobody troubled about, were full of joy at the circumstance. Twice before had the skipper, whose habits might, perhaps, be best described as irregular, missed his ship, and word had gone forth that the third time would be the last. His berth was a good one, and the mate wanted it in place of his own, which was wanted by Ted Jones, A.B.

"Two hours more," said the mate anxiously to the men, as they stood leaning against the side, "and I take the ship out."

"Under two hours'll do it," said Ted, peering over the side and watching the water as it slowly rose over the mud. "What's got the old man, I wonder?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said the mate. "You chaps stand by me and it'll be good for all of us. Mr. Pearson said distinct the last time that if the skipper ever missed his ship again it would be his last trip in her, and he told me afore the old man that I wasn't to wait two minutes at any time, but to bring her out right away."

ecause he was the son of a strict Jew. A child in uch a home would learn by heart large pieces of the Old Testament, and, at the Synagogue school, all the *minutiæ* of the Jewish Law. The pupil was not allowed to write anything down; all was committed to the memory, which in consequence became extremely retentive. The perfect pupil "lost not a drop from his teacher's cistern." At the age of about fourteen the boy would be sent to Jerusalem, to study under one of the great Rabbis; in St. Paul's case it was Gamaliel. Under his tuition the young Pharisee would learn to be a "strong Churchman." . . .

St. Paul cannot reproach himself with any slackness during his novitiate. He threw himself into the system with characteristic ardour. Probably he meant to be a Jerusalem Rabbi himself, still practising his trade, as the Rabbis usually did. For he was unmarried; and every Jew except a Rabbi was expected to marry at or before the age of twenty-one.

He suffered from some obscure physical trouble, the nature of which we can only guess. It was probably epilepsy, a disease which is compatible with great powers of endurance and great mental energy, as is proved by the cases of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. He was liable to mystical trances, in which some have found a confirmation of the supposition that he was epileptic. But these abnormal states were rare with him; in writing to the Galatians he has to go back fourteen years to the date when he was "caught up into the third heaven." The visions and voices which

to look after 'im and see he didn't get into no mischief."

He sat thinking deeply, and then, as the crew of the *Sarah Jane* stepped ashore to take advantage of a glass offered by the mate, he crept down to the cabin again for another desperate look round. The only articles of clothing visible belonged to Mrs. Bross who, up to this trip, had been sailing in the schooner to look after its master. At these he gazed hard.

"I'll take 'em and try an' swop 'em for some men's clothes," said he suddenly, snatching the garments from the pegs. "She wouldn't mind"; and hastily rolling them into a parcel, together with a pair of carpet slippers of the captain's, he thrust the lot into an old biscuit bag. Then he shouldered his burden, and, going cautiously on deck, gained the shore, and set off at a trot to the address furnished in the letter.

It was a long way, and the bag was heavy. His first attempt at barter was alarming, for the pawnbroker, who had just been cautioned by the police, was in such a severe and uncomfortable state of morals that the boy quickly snatched up his bundle again and left. Sorely troubled he walked hastily along, until, in a small bye-street, his glance fell upon a baker of mild and benevolent aspect, standing behind the counter of his shop.

from the slaughter of Baal's priests to the slaughter of St. Stephen, and from the butcheries of Jews at Alexandria under Caligula to the massacres of Christians at Adana, Tarsus, and Antioch in the year 1909" (Deissmann). It is one evil result of such furious bigotry that it kindles hatred and resentment in its victims, and tempts them to reprisals. St. Paul does speak bitterly of his opponents, though chiefly when he finds that they have injured his converts, as in the letter to the Galatians. Modern critics have exaggerated this element in a character which does not seem to have been fierce or implacable. He writes like a man engaged in a stern conflict against enemies who will give no quarter, and who shrink from no treachery. But the sharpest expression that can be laid to his charge is the impatient, perhaps half-humorous wish that the Judaisers who want to circumcise the Galatians might be subjected to a severer operation themselves (Gal. v. 12). The dominant impression that he makes upon us is that he was cast in a heroic mould. He is serenely indifferent to criticism and calumny; no power on earth can turn him from his purpose. He has made once for all a complete sacrifice of all earthly joys and all earthly ties; he has broken (he, the devout Jewish Catholic) with his Church and braved her thunders; he has faced the opprobrium of being called traitor, heretic, and apostate; he has "withstood to the face" the Palestinian apostles who were chosen by Jesus and held His commission; he has

departed. A farewell glance at the clock made him look almost as horrified as the baker.

"There's no time to be lost," he muttered, as he began to run; "either the old man'll have to come in these or else stay where he is."

He reached the house breathless, and paused before an unshaven man in time-worn greasy clothes, who was smoking a short clay pipe with much enjoyment in front of the door.

"Is Cap'n Bross here?" he panted.

"He's upstairs," said the man, with a leer, "sitting in sackcloth and ashes, more ashes than sackcloth. Have you got some clothes for him?"

"Look here," said Tommy. He was down on his knees with the mouth of the bag open again, quite in the style of the practised hawker. "Give me an old suit of clothes for them. Hurry up. There's a lovely frock."

"Blimey," said the man, staring. "I've only got these clothes. Wot d'yer take me for? A dook?"

"Well, get me some somewhere," said Tommy. "If you don't the cap'n'll have to come in these, and I'm sure he won't like it."

"I wonder what he'd look like," said the man, with a grin. "Damme if I don't come up and see."

"Get me some clothes," pleaded Tommy.

"I wouldn't get you clothes, no, not for fifty pun," said the man severely. "Wot d'yer mean wanting

se and lips carved as it were from the purest marble the antique world, and above all the deep-set eyes lustrous grey, now flashing with electric fires, now eiled in impenetrable contemplation? The set of is figure is familiar too, as are the clothes in which t has been the delight of painters to portray him. We know the compact energy of his chest and shoulders, the flashing imperiosity of each gesture and movement, the white teeth and delicate hands, and the little cocked hat and long coat of grey in which he was used to ride to victory. Who has not seen him in print and picture, the gaunt young hero of the Republic charging with the flag at Arcola, the Emperor kneeling before the altar of Notre-Dame in the long and sumptuous robes of his coronation, the grim leader of a haggard cavalcade treading the deadly snows of a Russian winter, the cloaked figure upon a ship's deck with huddled shoulders and sunken chin and a far-off look of tragedy in his set and melancholy gaze? And the thoughts and feelings which glow into consciousness at the sound of this illustrious name are every whit as varied and chequered as the outward events of his life seen through the imagination of the painter. Perhaps in the whole range of history no one has aroused emotions so opposite and so intense, or within his own lifetime has claimed so much of the admiration, the fear, and the hatred of mankind. Even the colder critics of posterity view his course not only with mixed and blended judgments, but with a kind of

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M. CLEMENCEAU AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

The figure and bearing of Clemenceau are universally familiar. At the Council of Four he wore a square-tailed coat of very good, thick black broad-cloth, and on his hands, which were never uncovered, grey suède gloves; his boots were of thick black leather, very good, but of a country style, and sometimes fastened in front, curiously, by a buckle instead of laces. His seat in the room in the President's house, where the regular meetings of the Council of Four were held (as distinguished from the private and unattended conferences in a smaller chamber below), was on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semi-circle facing the fire-place, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fire-place, and the Prime Minister opposite on the other side of the fire-place on his right. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand, and his voice were not lacking in vigour, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions. He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French

The captain moistened his lips with his tongue.

"The mate'll get off directly she floats," continue Tommy. "Put these on and spoil his little game. It' raining a little now. Nobody'll see you, and as soor as you git aboard you can borrow some of the men's clothes."

"That's the ticket, cap'n," said the man. "Lord lumme, you'll 'ave everybody falling in love with you."

"Hurry up," said Tommy, dancing with impatience. "Hurry up."

The skipper, dazed and wild-eyed, stood still while his two assistants hastily dressed him, bickering somewhat about details as they did so.

"He ought to be tight-laced, I tell you," said the man.

"He can't be tight-laced without stays," said Tommy scornfully. "You ought to know that."

"Ho, can't he," said the other, discomfited. "You know too much for a young-un. Well, put a bit o' ine round 'im then."

"We can't wait for a line," said Tommy, who was anding on tiptoe to tie the skipper's bonnet on. Now tie the scarf over his chin to hide his beard, d put this veil on. It's a good job he ain't got a ustache."

he other complied, and then fell back a pace or to gaze at his handiwork. "Strewth, though I

impromptu compromises, all sound and fury signifying nothing, on what was an unreal question anyhow, the great issues of the morning's meeting forgotten and neglected; and Clemenceau, silent and aloof on the outskirts—for nothing which touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his grey gloves, on his brocaded chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air; and when at last silence was restored and the company had returned to their places, it was to discover that he had disappeared.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

THE GOOD DUKE

(A SATIRICAL PORTRAIT)

THE cannon is not the sole surviving relic of the Good Duke's rule. Turn where you please on his island domain, memories of that charming and incisive personality will meet your eye and ear; memories in stone—schools, convents, decayed castles and bathing chalets; memories in the spoken word — proverbs attributed to him, legends and traditions of his sagacity that still linger among the populace. *In the days of the Duke:* so runs a local saying, much as we speak of the "good old times." His amiable laughter-loving ghost pervades the capital to this hour. His pleas-

a sneer, "you'll keep them things on. *I* never see you look so well in anything afore."

"I want to borrow some o' your clothes, Bob," said the skipper, eyeing him steadily.

"Where's your own?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said the skipper. "I was took with a fit last night, Bob, and when I woke up this morning they were gone. Somebody must have took advantage of my helpless state and taken 'em."

"Very likely," said the mate, turning away to shout an order to the crew, who were busy setting sail.

"Where are they, old man?" inquired the skipper.

"How should I know?" asked the other, becoming interested in the men again.

"I mean *your* clothes," said the skipper, who was fast losing his temper.

"Oh, mine?" said the mate. "Well, as a matter o' fact, I don't like lending my clothes. I'm rather pertickler. You might have a fit in *them*."

"You won't lend 'em to me?" asked the skipper.

"I won't," said the mate, speaking loudly, and frowning significantly at the crew, who were listening.

"Very good," said the skipper. "Ted, come here. Where's your other clothes?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Ted, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, and glancing at the mate for support; "but they ain't fit for the like of you to wear, sir."

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"I'll knock your 'ead off if you talk to me," said the skipper.

"Not you," said the mate cheerfully; "you ain't big enough. Look at that pore fellow over there."

The skipper looked in the direction indicated, and, swelling with impotent rage, shook his fist fiercely at a red-faced man with grey whiskers, who was wafting innumerable tender kisses from the bridge of a passing steamer.

"That's right," said the mate approvingly; "don't give 'im no encouragement. Love at first sight ain't worth having."

The skipper, suffering severely from suppressed emotion, went below, and the crew, after waiting a little while to make sure that he was not coming up again, made their way quietly to the mate.

"If we can only take him to Battlesea in this rig it'll be all right," said the latter. "You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou'-wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pearson like this, it won't be so bad after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above, the skipper and the boy were busy over others below. Various startling schemes propounded by the skipper for obtaining possession of his men's attire were

It was the Good Duke Alfred who, with a shrewd eye to the future prosperity of his dominions, made the first practical experiments with those hot mineral springs—those healing waters whose virtues, up till then, had been unaccountably neglected. Realising their curative possibilities, he selected fifty of the oldest and wisest of his Privy Councillors to undergo a variety of hydro-thermal tests on their bodies, internal and external. Seven of these gentlemen had the good luck to survive the treatment. They received the Order of the Golden Vine, a coveted distinction. The remaining forty-three, what was left of them, were cremated at night-time and posthumously ennobled. . . .

His high aspirations made him the precursor of many modern ideas. In educational and military matters, more especially, he ranks as a pioneer. He was a pedagogue by natural instinct. He took a sincere delight in the school-children, limited their weekly half-holidays to five, designed becoming dresses for boys and girls, decreed that lute playing and deportment should become obligatory subjects in the curriculum, and otherwise reformed the scholastic calendar which, before his day, had drifted into sad confusion and laxity. Sometimes he honoured the ceremony of prize-giving with his presence. O[n] the other hand it must be admitted that, judged b[y] modern standards, certain of his methods for punis[h]ing disobedience smack of downright pedantr[y]. Thrice a year, on receiving from the Ministry

and, with a few slashing strokes, cut the garments into their component parts.

"What am *I* to wear?" said Tommy, beginning to blubber. "You didn't think of that."

"What are you to wear, you selfish young pig?" said the skipper sternly. "Always thinking about yourself. Go and git some needles and thread, and if there's any left over, and you're a good boy, I'll see whether I can't make something for you out of the leavings."

"There ain't no needles here," whined Tommy, after a lengthened search.

"Go down the fo'c'sle and git the case of sailmakers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't let anyone see what you're after, an' some thread."

"Well, why couldn't you let me go in my clothes before you cut 'em up?" moaned Tommy. "I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me."

"You go at once!" thundered the skipper, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.

"Laugh away, my lads," he said cheerfully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit."

He waited himself for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, treading on his blanket, came flying down the companion-ladder, and rolled into the cabin.

stamina he over-fed and starved them by turns, wrapped them in sheepskin overcoats for long route-marches in July, exercised them in sham fights with live grapeshot and unblunted stilettos and otherwise thinned their ranks of undesirables, and hardened their physique by forcing them to escalade horrible precipices at midnight on horseback. He was a martinet; he knew it; he gloried in the distinction. "All the world loves a disciplinarian," he was wont to say.

Nevertheless, like many great princes, he realised that political reasons might counsel at times an abatement of rigour. He could relent and show mercy. He could interpose his authority in favour of the condemned.

He relented on one celebrated occasion which more than any other helped to gain for him the epithet of "The Good"—when an entire squadron of the Militia was condemned to death for some supposed mistake in giving the salute. The record, unfortunately, is somewhat involved in obscurity and hard to disentangle; so much is clear, however, that the sentence was duly promulgated and carried into effect within half an hour. Then comes the moot question of the officer in command who was obviously destined for execution with the rest of his men and who now profited, as events proved, by the clemency of the Good Duke. It appears that this individual, noted for a childlike horror of bloodshed (especially when practised on his own person), had unaccountably

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been posthumously ennobled. And this is only one of many occasions on which this ruler, by his intimate knowledge of human nature and the arts of government, was enabled to wrest good from evil, and thereby consolidate his throne.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

ment, stuck his right hand in his pocket, after a lengthened search for it, and gently bidding the blanketed urchin in front of him to sit down, began:

"You see what comes of drink and cards," he said, mournfully. "Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other craft down the river, I'm skulkin' down below here—like—like——"

"Like an actress," suggested Tommy.

The skipper eyed him all over. Tommy, unconscious of offence, met his gaze serenely.

"If," continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the beer-mug half-way to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?"

"I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning.

"What would you do?" persisted the skipper, with great expression.

"Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy, after a moment's thought.

The sound of a well-boxed ear rang through the cabin.

"You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."

"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle."

edge of it, low and blue-black against the scorched ss of the plain. A road, a rusty earthen road, ran vards it from the neighbourhood of the empty spital, winding through the coarse grass of the vamp, where many herds of goats were grazing, nd always gently falling towards the level of the iver. Here, in the open plain, the heat of the sun was very cruel, the way interminable, and to reach the shade of the forest edge was a great relief. Between the rough grass of the swamp and the edge of the forest lay no gradations of lesser trees nor even of open bush; so that one passed directly from the glare of the sun into a sort of green gloom which was very grateful. But the thing which marked the change from swamp to forest even more clearly than the lessening of the light was the sudden silence into which one entered. Out in the swamp, even without knowing it, one's ears had been accustomed to the innumerable murmurs of winged life. Here the silence was as profound as that which slumbers at the bottom of the sea, in great depths where there is no life at all. The trunks of the trees stood as motionless as though they had been carved out of coral, and the lianas with which they were hung seemed as little alive as the painted foliage of a theatre: for in these lower levels of the forest no breath of air stirred. It was only when I raised my eyes to the great heights above me that I realised wherein the forest had its life. In that remote clerestory a wealth of life moved. There there were birds—and notably the pied hornbill



The Sarah Jane *enters port*

which it enfolded. At last, in the midst of a swiftly flowing rapid, I came to a place where a tree had been felled by fire. Above the bank where it lay the red earth was trampled, and by this I knew that it had been meant for a bridge. I crossed it, though this was no easy matter, and thrusting again into the forest, found that the peninsula was nothing more than a great swamp full of marshy air. From among the trunks of the greater trees all undergrowth had been cleared away, and bananas had been planted in thousands. In their struggle to reach the sun these plantations had grown to a great height, and their flat fleshy leaves shut out the little light which filtered through. It was a strange and gloomy place, in which one gasped for air. The soil was all oozy and black and trodden with such a maze of twisting paths that one could not tell where to go.

For a mile or so I steered by the sound of drumming, which never ceased, and I cannot say that it ever seemed to grow nearer. It seemed that one could wander for hours and hours in this forest and never find a village. But at last I saw between the trees a moving procession; a small naked boy driving a herd of nearly a hundred goats. In his hand he carried a little spear. Now, at any rate, I argued, I must be near some village, for the udders of the goats were full, and they were surely being driven home to be milked. The naked boy was not afraid of me. He raised his hand to his brow in salutation. I gave him "Jambo," to which he replied, and I followed it up

addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedience men owed their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when they required them. He dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny, and proved clearly that to allow the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring it. Meantime the harbour widened out before him.

There were two or three people on the quay as the *Sarah Jane* came within hailing distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen, and the numbers were steadily increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennies to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious inquiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he came hurrying down to the ship just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sightseers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down

the boys stared, though their hands were still busy. But with the women, of whom there were a great many more, the dance was a far more serious affair.

Perhaps there were twenty of them of every age from puberty to extreme old age. They were almost naked, and not one of them could have been considered physically attractive in any degree apart from one young girl, decorated as a bride, whose body had a certain yielding grace. It was she, poor thing, whom I had heard screaming in the depths of the wood. When I came near to their circle she was just recovering from the ecstasy into which she had been thrown. She lifted herself from the ground and staggered in a dazed fashion to the line of other women, taking her place next to an ancient creature who was working her withered hips as though the whole thing were an unconscionable bore which it was her duty to countenance. But the wretched girl at her side could not treat the matter so lightly. She had a ridiculously small shaven head, which reminded me of the heads of the Mantis family of insects—so small that only an insect's intelligence could hide within it. It was this head which she began to move in time to the drum music, and with her head her whole body swayed. Then, one by one, the different parts of her body took up the rhythm, gently at first, but later with a devastating intensity until, at last, the whole organism was possessed by that over-mastering music, and to the movements which marked the bars was added a series of subordinate

THE LOST THRUSH

THERE was tense excitement within the open space between the tall trees below the gamekeeper's lodge. Three young thrushes that had just left their nest were hopping about there. The parents were perched close by, on opposite rhododendrons, uttering shrill cries and bobbing their heads.

With their beaks resting languidly on their puffed breasts, the young thrushes hopped hither and thither aimlessly, resting a long while between hops. They winked their eyes. They stretched their legs backwards one by one. They tried to stand on tip-toe and flap their wings.

Then the gamekeeper's yellow dog, asleep on a brown mat at the rear of the lodge, was awakened by the chirping. He got up and nosed his way along to see what was the matter. When he saw the birds, he raised his right forepaw and watched them for a little while, sniffing. Then his belly shivered and he uttered a series of barks, looking all round him and scratching the ground furiously. Without waiting any further, he walked back to his mat, smelling the ground casually for a rabbit scent.

ore violently, until beneath the cumulative strain seemed as if the plank must give at last and be roken. The strain of this dominating rhythm was omething like that. I wondered how much more of t the girl with the head of an insect could stand. And then, suddenly, the music stopped. For several minutes afterwards the muscles of the possessed continued to twitch, and then, at last, she gave a shuddering sigh and lay still.

The man gave me a courteous greeting. I asked him what kind of N'goma this might be. A devil dance, said he. His speech was very difficult for me to understand; but at length I realised that the devil which they were exorcising, the devil which was supposed to escape from the tortured bodies of the women in the cries which they uttered, was the devil of fever. In his village, he told me, there were many sick, and many more had died. I then saw for the first time how terribly ill and emaciated all that little company looked, and the awful atmosphere of that village was borne in on me in the picture of this small community living miserably in the twilight of their banana swamp, stubbornly fighting an enemy from whom they could never escape. Under the flat banana leaves it was now growing very dark: the air was laden with the smell of the dancers' flesh. I was glad to leave them and their horror, for in a little while mosquitoes would take the air, and I was not eager to try conclusions with their devil.

. . . . . .

strous attack of water. Reeling under the innumerable blows of the raindrops, he lay down and surrendered himself. His beak fell to the ground.

Then the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The sun came out again. The whole surface of the earth sparkled in the sun, like a shield. Myriads of raindrops lay like jewels everywhere, on the grass, on the leaves of the trees, on the very brink of thorns. The little thrush shivered with joy when he felt the warm sun on his back. He stood up and chirped. He spread his wings to fly but the wings were quite useless. He could not even return them to their position on his back. They trailed along the ground with some of the big feathers sticking out. They had been loosened by the heavy rain from the skin that was still young and tender.

Trailing his wings, he hopped along. He wanted to keep moving. He was afraid to stand still and be alone. He hopped through a screen of leaves on to a little limestone road. The road was dotted with green leaves that had fallen during the rain. The trees joined overhead so that only shadows of the sunlight came through. It was cool there. The wet thrush began to shiver again. He felt weak. He stood by the roadside stupidly. The lower part of his beak dropped with exhaustion. He shook himself slightly and tried to close his beak again, but he only succeeded in sticking out his tongue. Then he could

ks, from the base of a mountainous tableland, t from the edge of a low plain, not two thousand t above the sea-level. Since then I have seen the eat mountain in many guises: as a dim ghost ominating the lower waters of the Pangani; as a lmy cone, imponderable as though it were carven out of icy vapours, gleaming upon hot plains a hundred miles away; as the shadow which rises from the level skylines of the great game reserve; but never did it seem so wonderful as on that night when it was first revealed to me, walking from the Lumi forest to Taveta. There was indeed something ceremonious in its unveiling, and the memory of that vast immanence coloured all the evening of our departure.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

THE RIDGE

THE Brienzer Grat is an extraordinary thing. It is quite straight; its summits are, of course, of different heights, but from below they seem even, like a ridge: and, indeed, the whole mountain is more like a ridge than any other I have seen. At one end is a peak called the "Red Horn," the other end falls suddenly above Interlaken, and it is as steep as anything can be short of sheer rock. There are no precipices on it, though there are nasty slabs quite high enough to kill a man—I saw several of three or four hundred



The rabbit bounded into the copse

I stopped for a good quarter of an hour at an edge that might have been an indefinite fall of smooth rock, but that turned out to be a short drop, easy for a man, and not much longer than my body. So I went upwards always, drenched and doubting, and not sure of the height I had reached at any time.

At last I came to a place where a smooth stone lay between two pillared monoliths, as though it had been put there for a bench. Though all around me was dense mist, yet I could see above me the vague shape of a summit looming quite near. So I said to myself—

"I will sit here and wait till it grows lighter and clearer, for I must now be within two or three hundred feet of the top of the ridge, and as anything at all may be on the other side, I had best go carefully and knowing my way."

So I sat down facing the way I had to go and looking upwards, till a movement of the air might show me against a clear sky the line of the ridge, and so let me estimate the work that remained to do. I kept my eyes fixed on the point where I judged the sky-line to lie, lest I should miss some sudden gleam revealing it; and as I sat there I grew mournful and began to consider the folly of climbing this great height on an empty stomach. The soldiers of the Republic fought their battles often before breakfast, but never, I think, without having drunk warm coffee, and no one should attempt great efforts without some such refreshment before starting. Indeed, my fasting, and the rare thin air of the height, the

stretch his legs backwards under his trailed wings. He hopped along to the ridge of the roof. He began to chirp.

Presently he heard an answering chirp, a plaintive call that was very familiar to him. He cocked his head sideways and listened. He heard it again. He chirped as loudly as he could. The plaintive call answered him and almost immediately he saw his father and mother flying out of the copse and alighting on a hawthorn bush about ten yards away. He uttered a tremulous chirp and flew towards them. He had not gone half the distance before he was forced to land. But his parents swooped down to meet him.

Then there were three chirping heads close together for a long time. Wings were fluttered and choice pieces of worm were pressed into the beak of the lost one that had been found again.

its suggestion of something never changing throughout eternity—yet dead—was a threat to the eager mind. They, the vast Alps, all wrapped round in ice, frozen, and their immobility enhanced by the delicate, roaming veils which (as from an attraction) hovered in their hollows, seemed to halt the process of living. And the living soul whom they thus perturbed was supported by no companionship. There were no trees or blades of grass around me, only the uneven and primal stones of that height. There were no birds in the gulf; there was no sound. And the whiteness of the glaciers, the blackness of the snow-streaked rocks beyond, was glistening and unsoftened. There had come something evil into their sublimity. I was afraid.

Nor could I bear to look downwards. The slope was in no way a danger. A man could walk up it without often using his hands, and a man could go down it slowly without any direct fall, though here and there he would have to turn round at each dip or step and hold with his hands and feel a little for his foothold. I suppose the general slope, down, down, to where the green began was not sixty degrees, but have you ever tried looking down five thousand feet at sixty degrees? It drags the mind after it, and I could not bear to begin the descent.

However I reasoned with myself. I said to myself that a man should only be afraid of real dangers. That nightmare was not for the daylight. That there was now no mist but a warm sun. Then choosing a

The cat crouched, tested her footing, and leapt. She seemed scarcely to wet her paws, there was never a sound, yet a moment later she held a ten-inch trout in her jaws. She laid it under the root of a stunted bush conveniently near, where it flapped weakly but never shifted, and again she mounted watch. In a minute the other trout were back, leaping repeatedly, forgetful or heedless of their foes, so eager were they to mount the fall, and so a second and a third she caught, placing each where she had placed the first.

Then suddenly she became uneasy. What had warned her I do not know, for scent could not have travelled on such a night, and there had been no sound, save the trickle of the stream and the drip-drip-drip from everything. It was just as though she had suddenly received a wireless message, for she could not have seen the fox away upstream, because there was a crumbling wall between him and her. Nor could she have seen the vixen away downstream, for the vixen was flattened out behind a clump of rushes. Husky hill-foxes these, there for the same purpose as the cat, no doubt, and no doubt they regarded this range as undividedly their own. At all events, from the way those foxes had circled round, above and below, that cat was in danger—deadly danger!

Pussy seemed to stiffen, then quietly, without haste, she sneaked up the steep banking, leaving the trout where she had laid them. Once over the ridge

At last I saw through the trunks, but a few hundred feet below me, the highroad that skirts the lake. I left the path and scrambled straight down to it. I came to a wall which I climbed, and found myself in somebody's garden. Crossing this and admiring its wealth and order (I was careful not to walk on the lawns), I opened a little private gate and came on to the road, and from there to Brienz was but a short way along a fine hard surface in a hot morning sun, with the gentle lake on my right hand not five yards away, and with delightful trees on my left, caressing and sometimes even covering me with their shade.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

INITIATION

THE love that is given to ships is profoundly different from the love men feel for every other work of their hands—the love they bear to their houses, for instance—because it is untainted by the pride of possession. The pride of skill, the pride of responsibility, the pride of endurance there may be, but otherwise it is a disinterested sentiment. No seaman ever cherished a ship, even if she belonged to him, merely because of the profit she put in his pocket. No one, I think, ever did; for a ship-owner, even of the best, has always been outside the pale of that sentiment em

probably in one of the ventilation holes which perforated the walls, for the most part stopped with hayseeds, seven blind atoms of cathood nestled silently together. Somewhere else was the nest which for generations past the barn owls had used.

So the cat sought her chosen rafter and watched, and presently her back hair stood straight on end, and at the same instant the owl glared up and froze. The foxes had reached the barn, and now they were trotting round it, their trails dividing and meeting, then sniff-sniff-sniff under the door, making sure that the cat was not lurking just on the other side. They knew the place well enough, and having tested the ground, one of them went in, and the other followed closely. This was a cat hunt, and hunting together they had no fear of cats. They sniffed round in all directions, sniff-sniff-sniff in every corner, and the barn owl flew out on muffled wings. Once outside, he sat on the roof and hissed and moaned and caterwauled, till the wet air crept. But meantime pussy kept quite still, save for the little ripples which ran up and down her spine like a slow-motion film of the wind on water.

The foxes were there for a lark more than anything else, but soon one of them saw the cat, and immediately their eyes met pussy stood up, her back arched, and she opened her mouth in a soundless snarl. The fox uttered a whine, licking his chops, and sat down

the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of the days, when the might of the sea appears indeed lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices. "A water-logged derelict, I think, sir," said the second officer quietly, coming down from aloft with the binoculars in their case slung across his shoulders; and our captain, without a word, signed for the helmsman to steer for the black speck. Presently we made out a low, jagged stump sticking up forward—all that remained of her departed masts.

The captain was expatiating in a low conversational tone to the chief mate upon the danger of these derelicts, and upon his dread of coming upon them at night, when suddenly a man forward screamed out, "There's people on board of her, sir! I see them!" in a most extraordinary voice—a voice never heard before in our ship; the amazing voice of a stranger. It gave the signal for a sudden tumult of shouts. The watch below ran up the forecastle head in a body, the cook dashed out of the galley. Everybody saw the

"You look out as you come alongside that she doesn't take you down with her. You understand?"

He murmured this confidentially, so that none of the men at the falls should overhear, and I was shocked. "Heavens! as if in such an emergency one stopped to think of danger!" I exclaimed to myself mentally, in scorn of such cold-blooded caution.

It takes many lessons to make a real seaman, and I got my rebuke at once. My experienced commander seemed in one searching glance to read my thoughts on my ingenuous face.

"What you're going for is to save life, not to drown your boat's crew for nothing," he growled severely in my ear. But as we shoved off he leaned over and cried out: "It all rests on the power of your arms, men. Give way for life!"

We made a race of it, and I would never have believed that a common boat's crew of a merchantman could keep up so much determined fierceness in the regular swing of their stroke. What our captain had clearly perceived before we left had become plain to all of us since. The issue of our enterprise hung on a hair above that abyss of waters which will not give up its dead till the Day of Judgment. It was a race of two ship's boats matched against Death for a prize of nine men's lives, and Death had a long start. We saw the crew of the brig from afar working at the pumps—still pumping on that wreck, which already had settled so far down that the gentle, low swell, over which our boats rose and fell easily



The cat took up her place opposite the vixen

skin showed through the rents of their shirts; and the two small bunches of half-naked, tattered men went on bowing from the waist to each other in their back-breaking labour, up and down, absorbed, with no time for a glance over the shoulder at the help that was coming to them. As we dashed, unregarded, alongside a voice let out one hoarse howl of command, and then, just as they stood, without caps, with the salt drying grey in the wrinkles and folds of their hairy, haggard faces, blinking stupidly at us their red eyelids, they made a bolt away from the handles, tottering and jostling against each other, and positively flung themselves over upon our very heads.

the cat returned to her rafter and began to lick her coat.

Later, the cat went out into the night, and presently returned by a ventilation hole, carrying a trout in her mouth, and uttering the soft, purring call which her kittens answered. Far off were the sounds of man's awakening, the barking of a dog, the clatter of a bucket, and as these sounds grew the hay and the hay-seeds quivered where the two foxes lay, and once the vixen stirred to cover herself more completely.

In a few minutes came the sound of a man whistling as he mounted the hill. It was a fine morning after the rain, full and sweet and refreshing, though as yet there was no sun. The man came up, a bucket under each arm, and calling to the cows, he opened the door for them to enter. They sauntered in, and taking their places began to munch the hay. The man was in no hurry, and, as the cat came to greet him, with tail erect, he took her up in his hands. "Pussy-woosy-woosy!" said he. "Does she want a wee drop o' milk? Come away, then, pussy!"

He unearthed a dusty, fusty saucer from among the hay-seeds and his first act was to fill it for the cat. Then, as she drank, the man began to sniff the air suspiciously. "Fox!" he muttered. "There's been a fox in here, I'll wager, and it isn't the first time the varmints have come nosing round!"

opinion whether the passage should be attempted, and at what points the sea was likely to be at its worst.

At last it was decided we should go, and I started for the pier in a wild shower of rain with the wind howling in the walls. The schoolmaster and a priest who was to have gone with me came out as I was passing through the village and advised me not to make the passage; but my crew had gone on towards the sea, and I thought it better to go after them. The eldest son of the family was coming with me, and I considered that the old man, who knew the waves better than I did, would not send out his son if there was more than reasonable danger.

I found my crew waiting for me under a high wall below the village, and we went on together. The island had never seemed so desolate. Looking out over the black limestone through the driving rain to the gulf of struggling waves, an indescribable feeling of dejection came over me.

The old man gave me his view of the use of fear.

"A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drownded," he said, "for he will be going out on a day he shouldn't. But we do be afraid of the sea, and we do only be drownded now and again."

A little crowd of neighbours had collected lower down to see me off, and as we crossed the sandhills we had to shout to each other to be heard above the wind.

The crew carried down the curagh, and then stood

A CROCK OF GOLD

I

It did not happen until the fourth day of the summer holidays, and then only by a mere fluke, for if the bright new golden penny had come down tails up they would have helped Father to fish instead of exploring by themselves.

"Tails, fish, heads, explore," Keith had said as he tossed for it. . . . And it was heads.

At first there were complaints from the other four, for it was great fun helping Father to fish; for the children, that is; Father was not over keen on the assistance of the offspring; but Keith put an instant stop to these iniquitous murmurings. "Shut up!" he said. "It's disrespectful to the gods not to abide by a toss."

then fell into the next furrow with a crash, throwing up masses of spray. As it did so, the stern in its turn was thrown up, and both the steersman—who let go his oar and clung with both hands to the gunwale —and myself were lifted high up above the sea.

The wave passed, we regained our course and rowed violently for a few yards, when the same manœuvre had to be repeated. As we worked out into the sound we began to meet another class of wave, that could be seen for some distance towering above the rest.

When one of these came in sight, the first effort was to get beyond its reach. The steersman began crying out in Gaelic, "Siubhal, siubhal" (Run, run), and sometimes, when the mass was gliding towards us with horrible speed, his voice rose to a shriek. Then the rowers themselves took up the cry, and the curagh seemed to leap and quiver with the frantic terror of a beast till the wave passed behind it or fell with a crash beside the stern.

It was in this racing with the waves that our chief danger lay. If the wave could be avoided, it was better to do so; but if it overtook us while we were trying to escape, and caught us on the broadside, our destruction was certain. I could see the steersman quivering with the excitement of his task, for any error in his judgment would have swamped us.

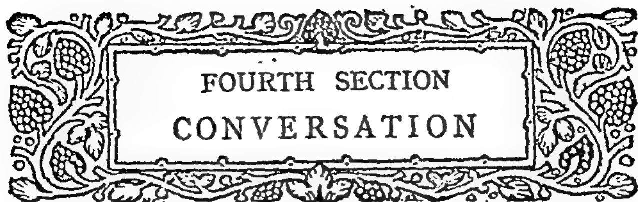
We had one narrow escape. A wave appeared high above the rest, and there was the usual moment of intense exertion. It was of no use, and in an instant the wave seemed to be hurling itself upon us. With

watching the daisies and meadowsweet blowing in the wind.

And they had reason for thinking that life was good for they were enjoying one of the greatest delights that life had to offer. . . . The fulfilment of a dream. . . . All through the years of trailing in the wake of a soldier father through the dustiest and noisiest places in the world, with never any time to settle down anywhere and never any place to put anything, they had dreamed of going one day to the island off the coast of Scotland where their father had been born. . . . But there had never been enough money for an impecunious soldier to take a wife and five children to Scotland. . . . It was only a well-timed illness of their mother's, that had touched the heart of a rich aunt and caused her to put her hand to pocket and produce the wherewithal for a good holiday for them all, that had at last made this miraculous thing happen to them.

"So you see," said Keith with triumph, "dreams *do* come true."

Keith, though he was only eleven years old and a year younger than Elspeth, was nevertheless by mutual agreement the leader of the family. He had green eyes, and hair of a startling shade of red, blazing hair that was like a torch burning or a trumpet sounding, and such a perfect expression of his own abundant vitality that when Keith Fraser entered a



QUEEN VICTORIA

When the company was reassembled in the drawing-room the etiquette was stiff. For a few minutes the Queen spoke in turn to each one of her guests; and during these short uneasy colloquies the aridity of royalty was apt to become painfully evident. One night Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, was present; his turn soon came; the middle-aged, hard-faced *viveur* was addressed by his young hostess. "Have you been riding to-day, Mr. Greville?" asked the Queen. "No, Madam, I have not," replied Mr. Greville. "It was a fine day," continued the Queen. "Yes, Madam, a very fine day," said Mr. Greville. "It was rather cold, though," said the Queen. "It *was* rather cold, Madam," said Mr. Greville. "Your sister, Lady Frances Egerton, rides, I think, doesn't she?" said the Queen. "She does ride sometimes, Madam," said Mr. Greville. There was a pause, after which Mr. Greville ventured to take the lead, though he did not venture to change the subject. "Has your Majesty been riding to-day?" asked Mr. Greville. "Oh yes, a very long ride," answered the Queen with animation. "Has your

"Father and I disagree about the castle, and a man must follow the dictates of his own conscience."

"But what if my conscience, and Rory's and Flora-Dora's, dictate different from yours?" asked Elspeth.

"They'd better not!" said Keith threateningly. "I'll put you all down the well if they do!"

"They don't, Keith," Rory and Flora-Dora hastened to assure him. "We want to go to the castle too."

It was their own ancestral castle, where the kings who were their ancestors had lived and fought and died, where their father had been born and where he ought now to be reigning as chieftain. It was as old as time and it stood, so their father told them, on a grey rock jutting out into the sea. The gulls wheeled and cried about its towers and the waves thundered at its feet. . . . And it was let to a Mr. Isaac Rosenbaum.

It was not in the least Mr. Rosenbaum's fault, it was the fault of the children's grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather, who had been busily employed throughout long and mis-spent lives in losing what little family fortune the Frasers had originally had. . . . Mostly to Mr. Levi Rosenbaum, Mr. Isaac Rosenbaum's father, who had lent them money at the usual rate of interest, and was in no way to blame if the horses they backed invariably

hair and perhaps fifty years on his back, is standing near the stone in a trance of intense melancholy, looking over the hills as if by mere intensity of gaze he could pierce the glories of the sunset and see into the streets of Heaven. He is dressed in black, and is rather more clerical in appearance than most English curates are nowadays; but he does not wear the collar and waist-coat of a parish priest. He is roused from his trance by the chirp of an insect from a tuft of grass in a crevice of the stone. His face relaxes: he turns quietly, and gravely takes off his hat to the tuft, addressing the insect in a brogue which is the jocular assumption of a gentleman and not the natural speech of a peasant.

The Man. An' is that yourself, Misther Grasshopper? I hope I see you well this fine evenin'.

The Grasshopper. [*Prompt and shrill in answer.*] X-X.

The Man. [*Encouragingly.*] That's right. I suppose now you've come out to make yourself miserable be admyerin' the sunset?

The Grasshopper. [*Sadly.*] X-X.

The Man. Aye, you're a thrue Irish grasshopper.

The Grasshopper. [*Loudly.*] X-X-X.

The Man. Three cheers for ould Ireland, is it? That helps you to face out the misery and the poverty and the torment, doesn't it?

The Grasshopper. [*Plaintively.*] X-X.

The Man. Ah, it's no use, me poor little friend. If you could jump as far as a kangaroo you couldn't jump away from your own heart an' its punish-

"Coming with me, kids?" he inquired.

"No," they said.

"Thank goodness," he said.

"Where *are* you going, chicks?" inquired their mother from her deck-chair in the sunny veranda.

"Just out," they said.

"Be good and careful," she cautioned. "And don't tire Flora-Dora."

Five minutes later, peeping through the wind-swept fuchsia bushes, she watched them setting out upon the road to adventure; the boys in their white shirts and grey shorts and the girls in blue cotton frocks and sunbonnets; nice children to have. She earnestly hoped they would come to no harm, but she tried not to worry about them because she had long ago come to the conclusion that a human mother with five children, delicate health and no resident nursery governess, is well advised if she emulate the serenity of certain animal mothers of boisterous young; cows, for instance, who chew the cud in the sun with enviable enjoyment while their calves are completely out of sight over the brow of the hill. . . . Concentrating upon cows and cuds, and commending her offspring to the care of God, she went back to her chair and the enjoyment of her novel.

face distorted with terror, slips round from behind the stone.

The Labourer. [*Crossing himself repeatedly.*] Oh glory be to God! glory be to God! Oh Holy Mother an' all the saints! Oh murther! murther! [*Beside himself, calling.*] Fadher Keegan! Fadher Keegan!

The Man. [*Turning.*] Who's there? What's that? [*He comes back and finds the labourer, who clasps his knees.*] Patsy Farrell! What are you doing here?

Patsy. O, for the love o' God don't lave me here wi' dhe grasshopper. I hard it spakin' to you. Don't let it do me any harm, Father darlint.

Keegan. Get up, you foolish man, get up. Are you afraid of a poor insect because I pretended it was talking to me?

Patsy. Oh, it was no pretending, Fadher dear. Didn't it give three cheers, an' say it was a divil out o' hell? Oh, say you'll see me safe home, Fadher; 'n put a blessin' on me or somethin'. [*He moans with terror.*]

Keegan. What were you doin' there, Patsy, listenin'? Were you spyin' on me?

Patsy. No, Fadher: on me oath an' soul I wasn't. I was wait'n' to meet Masther Larry 'n carry his luggage from the car; 'n I fell asleep on the grass; 'n you woke me talking to the grasshopper; 'n I hard its wicked little voice. Oh, d'ye think I'll die before the year's out, Fadher?

ormorants sat placidly each upon his rock, and took he coast road that wound between the sea and the noor. Upon their right stretched the necklace of rocky coves that encircled the whole island, coves where the waves creamed softly in over silver sand and golden seaweed, and where the rock pools were eggshell green inside and full of frilly anemones like tiny scarlet dahlias. . . . It required considerable strength of mind to turn aside from those coves. . . . The children looked resolutely away from them towards the moor that stretched up and away on their left, ridge lifting behind ridge, clothed with ling and bog myrtle, with far away above and behind them a range of mountains like blown soap bubbles, coloured faintest lilac and blue and arched over by a rainbow.

"'Look upon the rainbow,'" quoted Elspeth suddenly. "'Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'"

"Oh, shut up!" groaned Rory in disgust. . . . Elspeth's habit of constantly coming out with scraps and shreds of poetry upon every suitable and unsuitable occasion tried her family almost beyond endurance. . . . But Keith for once did not join in the brotherly task of putting Elspeth in her place.

"The voice of the gods again!" he cried. "We

to you? 'N sure they say wanse a priest always a priest.

Keegan. [*Sternly.*] It's not for the like of you, Patsy, to go behind the instruction of your parish priest and set yourself up to judge whether your church is right or wrong.

Patsy. Sure, I know that, sir.

Keegan. The Church let me be its priest as long as it thought me fit for its work. When it took away my papers it meant you to know that I was only a poor madman, unfit and unworthy to take charge of the souls of the people.

Patsy. But wasn't it only because you knew more Lat'n than Father Dempsey that he was jealous of you?

Keegan. [*Scolding him to keep himself from smiling.*] How dare you, Patsy Farrell, put your own wicked little spites and foolishnesses into the heart of your priest? For two pins I'd tell him what you just said.

Patsy. [*Coaxing.*] Sure, you wouldn't——

Keegan. Wouldn't I? God forgive you! you're little better than a heathen.

Patsy. Deed I am, Fadher: It's me bruddher the tinsmith in Dublin you're thinkin' of. Sure, he had to be a freethinker when he larnt a thrade and went to live in the town.

Keegan. Well, he'll get to Heaven before you if you're not careful, Patsy. And now listen to me, once and for all. You'll talk to me and pray for

"But some people," said Rory, a devotee of somersaults and rugby football, "often have their feet higher than their head."

"No one with a grain of sense," said Keith witheringly.

"Flora-Dora," remarked those ladies firmly, "can't possibly get up that mountain."

That settled it, and leaving the track they scrambled off across the wet spongy moor towards the giant's purple shoulder. It was a wonder scramble. The orange sphagnum moss squelched under their feet and the air was full of the pungent scent of the bog myrtle and the smell of the sea. The wind sang in their ears and the sun and rain came flying to meet them over the ridge of the moor.

Now and then they had to pause to heave Flora-Dora out of a bog, and then they looked back at the golden sea far below them, and Elspeth thought of the days when the Norsemen swept over that sea in their galleys with the gilded dragons at the prows, beached their ships in the little coves where the red anemones dreamed in the green pools, and came surging over the island to plunder and steal, battle axes and horned helmets glinting in the sun and red beards streaming in the wind. One of their ancestors, so said their father, had married a Norse princess, and it was she who was probably responsible for Keith's deplorable hair.

[Bustling him down the hill.] I can see the dust of it in the gap already.

Patsy. The Lord save us! *[He goes down the hill like a hunted man.]*

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE RIVALS

(Last part of a story called "The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell")

HE (Sanders) remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel', Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause—

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' yer to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' of notion o' Bell mysel'," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

slices of ham set between spongy slices of bread spread with butter the colour of marigolds. "Oh!" they said, and "Ah!" they said, and then they spoke no more.

But they used their eyes and gazed with delight at the wooded valley below them, that divided the moor like a great rent in a purple cloak, and went sliding off downhill towards a distant line of sea. A clear stream ran down the centre of the valley, with a rough path winding along beside it. On each side rowans and birches clothed the slopes, with beneath them a carpet of vivid green moss. Dragonflies darted over the stream and a faint twitter of bird-song came from the depths of the wood.

"Here's a poor old man coming up the valley," said Rory thickly through oatcake.

"So there is!" said the others, and they looked with interest at the approaching figure, for human beings were rare in this solitary island.

He was so tall and thin and bent and grey that as he came slowly up through the wood, leaning on his stick, he looked like one of the storm-twisted birch trees themselves. His coat was just the colour of their trunks, and he had, like them, that air of being utterly at one with his environment that gives to a man at home in his own place such a look of stability and peace.

"He's some old crofter, I expect," said Keith.

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer wy to speir her yersel'."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for 's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never have thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, woefully.

"It's a serious thing to speir a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice. They were close to the tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There was verra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

Then the soul of Sanders Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie.

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying

Very gravely the old man accepted the sandwich and very gravely he sat down. . . . Indeed, he seemed glad to sit down for after the steep climb up the valley he was very out of breath.

"How you do puff!" said Flora.

"Like a grampus," said Dora.

"Why do you puff?" asked Flora-Dora.

"Because," puffed the old man, "I am an old crock."

"Ssh! Flora-Dora!" reproved Elspeth, scarlet with shame.

She had been scarlet with shame for some minutes, and so had Keith, for they had been treating the old man as though he were a crofter and upon closer inspection he proved to be nothing of the sort. Indeed, he had about him, in spite of his thinness and wobbliness and crockeriness an air of aristocracy that was almost princely. His keen face, coloured like old ivory and worn down by time to the mere essentials of fine bone and fine character, reminded Elspeth of the face of some Emperor that she had once seen traced upon an old coin; it had the same delicacy, the same chiselled beauty, the same hooked nose and firmly closed lips. . . . The king's head, she thought suddenly, remembrance of that old coin bringing their spun penny to her mind. . . . But there the resemblance of the coin ended, for the Emperor's eyes had been cold, dead eyes, closed to the wonder of

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll be a' ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, licht-hearted crittur after a'."

"I had ay my suspeccions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' woman. Man Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin' 't, I'm sair dootin' 't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry in the futur," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaein up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

him with their very lives and souls. . . . And that on the strength of five minutes' acquaintance. . . . It was the sweetest thing that had happened to him for twenty years.

"Now this Mr. Rosenbaum," he said, "this ogre who has possession of your castle—what is he like?"

"Awful," said Keith. "Fat and oily, with three blue chins and podgy hands covered with diamond rings."

"Really," said the old man. "Most unpleasant. . . . You've seen him, of course?"

"Oh, no," said Elspeth. "But you can have a pretty clear idea of what people look like by listening to what other people say about them. And you should just hear what Father says about Mr. Rosenbaum."

"Indeed," said the old man hastily, "I think I would prefer not to. . . . And yet, against your father's express commands, you propose to venture near the ogre's den?"

"You see, we *must* see our castle," they said. "It's ours; our home where we ought to be living."

"I understand," said the old man gently. "And there's undoubtedly some great fascination in a castle. I know, because I live in one myself."

"You have a castle too?" they cried in delight.

"I'm not surprised," Elspeth told him. "When I saw you coming up through the trees I thought you looked as though you belonged. . . . Why," she said,

"I had some sic idea mysel," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ain anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid mak ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel, There's a lass ony man might be prood to tak'. A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man; nane to speak o'. Tak' her, laddie, tak' her, Sanders; it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's yours for the spierin'. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wad rayther," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my hand on't," said Sam'l. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

. . . . . .

J. M. Barrie.



murdered one half and took the other half to its heart. The burying place of the murdered half is still here, a great mound upon a haunted moor, and the life of the cherished half still burns on the island in flame like this." He gave Keith's hair a friendly tweak and withdrew his hand.

"You've got little boys," announced Flora-Dora, pleased with herself. She might be young, but she knew that parents and bachelors tweak hair quite differently. There is an unexplainable difference in technique that is yet quite recognizable.

"Not now," said the old man. "They died twenty years ago fighting for the country that had offered them hospitality."

The children were sorry about this, and showed their sorrow by a respectful silence and the immediate offer of the one remaining ham sandwich. . . . The old man took it. For the sake of the giver he never rejected gifts.

"Now how would it be," he said, cheerfully changing the subject, "if you were to come with me and see my castle?"

"But we haven't found ours yet," they objected.

"The quickest way to yours is through mine," he explained.

"All right," they said. "But what about the crock of gold? We haven't found it yet."

"You've found me," said the old man. "And I'm

my head as I fell. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bullock's.

This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out, she ran forward. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

I had sat up, leg and all, to stop her; but when I saw her tumble I clapped down again where I was, lay still, and felt the handle of my knife. I had been scurried and put out before. No more of that for me. He had knocked over my girl, I had got to fix him for it; and I lay there and gritted my teeth, and footed up the chances. My leg was broke, my gun was gone. Case had still ten shots in his Winchester. It looked a kind of hopeless business. But I never despaired nor thought upon despairing: that man had got to go.

For a goodish bit not one of us let on. Then I heard Case begin to move nearer in the bush, but mighty careful. The image had burned out; there were only a few coals left here and there, and the wood was main dark, but had a kind of a low glow in it like a fire on its last legs. It was by this that I made out

hither and thither, chasing the dragonflies, picking bunches of rowan and myrtle, prancing into the stream and out again, filling the wood with their joyous cries and the heart of the old man with a content he had never thought to know again.

IV

"We have arrived," he said, pointing with his stick.

The wood had ended at a rocky cove, with a few cottages scattered round it, and there, crowning a headland of rock that jutted out into the golden sea, was the castle.

It was so old that it seemed part of the rock itself, so grey and weatherworn that one could not tell where the walls ended and the rock began. The battlements of the keep and turrets were broken and looked more like the natural serrations of worn rock than fortification hewn by man. There were two entrances to the castle, one by land, a narrow road that led along the headland to the portcullis with its flanking towers, and one by sea, where steps cut in the rock led up to a narrow door piercing the wall. It was a great, grim, impregnable place, softened only by the white wings of the gulls circling about its turrets and the white froth of little waves murmuring about its feet. It was a castle in a fairy-tale.

all the pain I had any use for, and I drew my knife and got it in the place.

"Now," said I, "I've got you; and you're gone up, and a good job too! Do you feel the point of that? That's for Underhill! And there's for Adams! And now here's for Uma, and that's going to knock your blooming soul right out of you!"

With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long moan, and lay still.

"I wonder if you're dead? I hope so!" I thought, for my head was swimming. But I wasn't going to take chances; I had his own example too close before me for that, and I tried to draw the knife out to give it him again. The blood came over my hands, I remember, hot as tea; and with that I fainted clean away, and fell with my head on the man's mouth.

When I came to myself it was pitch dark; the cinders had burned out; there was nothing to be seen but the shine of the dead wood, and I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was in such pain nor what I was all wetted with. Then it came back, and the first thing I attended to was to give him the knife again a half-a-dozen times up to the handle. I believe he was dead already, but it did him no harm and did me good.

"I bet you're dead now," I said.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mackay, utterly astonished, rose a little surlily to his feet and scratched his head.

"These children," explained the old man, "are the sons and daughters of Captain Robert Fraser. . . . And they have a fancy to enter the castle from the sea."

An extraordinary change came over Mackay. His weatherbeaten, wrinkled face brightened as though a little light were lit in each wrinkle, his deep blue eyes shone like stars and his wide, toothless grin was a joy to behold. He had merely touched his cap when the old man spoke to him but at mention of the children's name he snatched it off as though it were an insult to them to stand covered in their presence, and broke into a flood of excited speech that the children, who knew only a word or two of the Gaelic, could make neither head nor tail of.

"Shake hands with him," whispered the old man, standing behind them.

They shook hands, beginning with Keith and ending with Flora-Dora, and so warm and so violent was Mackay's shake that they all but yelped with the pain.

"His ancestors served yours," explained the old man, "hundreds of years ago."

Mackay, having finished shaking the soft paws of Flora-Dora, had returned again to Keith. Stooping down, horny hands on knees, he was examining Keith's face with an intentness which Keith, though

for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

JOHN MASEFIELD.





"Look at the castle!" cried Keith

dozen or so loafers, constituted a respectable audience by the time Kai Lung was ready.

"It would be more seemly if this ill-conditioned person who is now addressing such a distinguished assembly were to reward his fine and noble-looking hearers for their trouble," apologised the story-teller. "But, as the Book of Verses says, 'The meaner the slave, the greater the lord'; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that this majestic concourse will reward the despicable efforts of their servant by handfuls of coins till the air appears as though filled with swarms of locusts in the season of much heat. In particular, there is among this august crowd of mandarins one Wang Yu, who has departed on three previous occasions without bestowing the reward of a single cash. If the feeble and covetous-minded Wang Yu will place in this very ordinary bowl the price of one of his exceedingly ill-made pipes, this unworthy person will proceed."

"Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man never," quoted the pipe-maker in retort. "Oh, most incapable of story-tellers, have you not on two separate occasions slept beneath my utterly inadequate roof without payment?"

But he, nevertheless, deposited three cash in the bowl, and drew nearer among the front row of the listeners.

"It was during the reign of the enlightened Emperor Tsing Nung," began Kai Lung, without further introduction, ' that there lived at a village near Honan a

came here they would have arrived by boat as you are arriving now. . . . Is that not right, Mackay?"

"Ay," said Mackay in his deep voice. "The bairns were right to choose the sea."

They had reached the flight of steps cut in the rock and he knotted the boat's painter through an iron ring and helped the children to heave the old gentleman out. . . . It struck the children suddenly that it was exceedingly good of the old gentleman, he being such a crock, to travel to his own castle by what to him must be a most uncomfortable method just to humour a fancy of their own.

"Well, you *are* a sport!" they said, and they took the greatest care of him going up the steep slippery steps, Elspeth and Rory supporting him one on each side and Keith pushing behind. . . . Flora-Dora brought up the rear in the care of Mackay, who carried a little girl under each arm and whispered soft Gaelic endearments under each sunbonnet in turn. . . . Flora-Dora, though not understanding a vord, was yet quite aware of the tenor of his remarks, nd upon parting from him at the door in the castle all placed a kiss upon each of his wrinkled cheeks. It was a great day for Mackay, and as he rowed ck over the dimpled sea to his nets and his cottage sang in his cracked old voice one of the island boat gs, a solemn slow air with a rhythmic chorus that fathers had sung before him. Hearing It

offered to sell them to anyone who should chance to be without ancestors of his own. This objectionable person would call at the houses of the most illustrious mandarins, and would command the slaves to carry to their masters his tablets, on which were inscribed his name and his virtues. Reaching their presence, he would salute them with the greeting of an equal, 'How is your stomach?' and then proceed to exhibit samples of his wares, greatly overrating their value. 'Behold!' he would exclaim, 'is not this elegantly-moulded idol worthy of the place of honour in this sumptuous mansion which my presence defiles to such an extent that twelve basins of rose water will not remove the stain? Are not its eyes more delicate than the most select of almonds? and is not its stomach rounder than the cupolas upon the high temple at Pekin? Yet, in spite of its perfections, it is not worthy of the acceptance of so distinguished a mandarin, and therefore I will accept in return the quarter-tael, which, indeed, is less than my illustrious master gives for the clay alone.'

"In this manner Li Ting disposed of many idols at high rates, and thereby endeared himself so much to the avaricious heart of Ti Hung that he promised him his beautiful daughter Ning in marriage.

"Ning was indeed very lovely. Her eyelashes were like the finest willow twigs that grow in the marshes by the Yang-tse-Kiang; her cheeks were fairer than poppies; and when she bathed in the Hoang Ho, her body seemed transparent. Her brow was finer than

doom; he opened a door in a wall and showed them narrow stone steps winding down into the darkness of the dungeons; he pulled aside tapestries and showed them the marks of weapons that had scarred the wall in some old fight; he sent them climbing up the corkscrew stair to the top of the tower to see where the archers had stood to shoot at enemies approaching from the sea, and into the little cell above the great gateway where the stones had been kept that they dropped on the heads of invaders storming the castle from the land.

And all the time, as he showed them the castle's glories, he told them stories, for he seemed to have the whole history of his home written in his heart. When he showed them the dining-hall he told them of an old lord of the castle, a treacherous rascal of the name of Rory, who had invited enemy clansmen to dinner and set them feasting with his own men, friend and foe alternately all round the great table; a grand feast it was, and much enjoyed by the guests, until at a signal from the old lord each of his own men drew his dagger and stabbed the guest upon his right hand. They took the bodies down to the door in the wall and pitched them into the sea. "And to this day," said the old man, "the sea round the castle is red at sunset."

Then in a great bedchamber he had a story to tell about the fourposter. In the '45, when the family

compelled by the second of the Five Great Principles to respect her father, was unable to regard the marriage with anything but abhorrence. Perhaps this was not altogether the fault of Li Ting, for on the evening of the day on which she had received his present, she walked in the rice fields, and sitting down at the foot of a funereal cypress, whose highest branches pierced the Middle Air, she cried aloud:

" 'I cannot control my bitterness. Of what use is it that I should be called the "White Pigeon among Golden Lilies," if my beauty is but for the hog-like eyes of the exceedingly objectionable Li Ting? Ah, Yung Chang, my unfortunate lover! what evil spirit pursues you that you cannot pass your examination for the second degree? My noble-minded but ambitious boy, why were you not content with an agricultural or even a manufacturing career and happiness? By aspiring to a literary degree, you have placed a barrier wider than the Whang Hai between us.'

" 'As the earth seems small to the soaring swallow, so shall insuperable obstacles be overcome by the heart worn smooth with a fixed purpose,' said a voice beside her, and Yung Chang stepped from behind the cypress-tree, where he had been waiting for Ning. 'O one more symmetrical than the chrysanthemum,' he continued, 'I shall yet, with the aid of my ancestors, pass the second degree, and even obtain a position of high trust in the public office at Pekin.'

" 'And in the meantime,' pouted Ning, 'I shall

"That's right, Macdonald," said the old gentleman, his thin hands held out to the blaze. "It'll be turning chilly soon. . . . Will you be so good as to telephone the hotel? I want a message given to Mrs. Robert Fraser. Tell her that she need be in no anxiety over her children. They are here with me and I will see that they get back safely."

Macdonald swung round so suddenly that he upset the milk-jug. "Not Captain Fraser's children?" he gasped.

"The same," said the old gentleman. "And will you be so good, Macdonald, as to mop up this milk?"

But Macdonald took not the slightest notice of the milk, or of any orders given in regard to it, for the same transformation had taken place in him as had recently taken place in Mackay. His countenance shone as though a light had been lit in each wrinkle and he took the children's outstretched hands—they eld them out this time without any prompting from he old gentleman—as though each grubby paw were precious museum piece that had been lost and found gain. Even his eyes seemed to caress them, alight th devotion like those of a dog, and his soft Gaelic culations of joy had a strange lilting rhythm in m, as though he were saying a poem.

I never thought to see a Fraser in this castle n," he said suddenly in English. "Not in my ime, I thought——"

itches, and Li Ting will assuredly be removed suddenly.'

"'Li Ting must certainly be in league with the evil forces if he can withstand so powerful a weapon,' said Ning admiringly, when her lover had finished reading. 'Even now he is starting on a journey, nor will he return till the first day of the month when the sparrows go to the sea and are changed into oysters. Perhaps the fate will overtake him while he is away. If not——'

"'If not,' said Yung, taking up her words as she paused, 'then I have yet another hope. A moment ago you were regretting my choice of a literary career. Learn, then, the value of knowledge. By its aid (assisted, indeed, by the spirits of my ancestors) I have discovered a new and strange thing, for which I can find no word. By using this new system of reckoning, your illustrious but exceedingly narrow-minded and miserly father would be able to make five taels where he now makes one. Would he not, in consideration for this, consent to receive me as a son-in-law, and dismiss the inelegant and unworthy Li Ting?'

"'In the unlikely event of your being able to convince my illustrious parent of what you say, it would assuredly be so,' replied Ning. 'But in what way could you do so? My sublime and charitable father already employs all the means in his power to reap the full reward of his sacred industry. His "soli

in the breast of Flora-Dora because the Flora half of Flora-Dora had been named after that lady; a scrap of dirty linen that had once been a flag and, also in a glass case, a tiny silver thing shaped like a bugle.

The old gentleman waved his teaspoon at it. "It is called the fairy horn," he said. "It was a gift from the fairies and has been in this castle for hundreds of years. Tradition permits it to be sounded at the top of the tower when the lord of the castle comes home after long absence, but at no other time. They say it has a sweet silvery note that is unearthly in its beauty. I've never heard it."

"Why not?" asked Rory with his mouth full. "Don't you ever go away? Didn't you tell Macdonald to blow it when you came home last?"

"I had no right," said the old man. "For this is not my castle."

Rory and Flora-Dora gazed at him in astonishment, but Keith and Elspeth, setting their cups gently back in their saucers, gave each other a long, understanding look. . . . They had had their suspicions, of course, during the old gentleman's stories. . . . He was a born raconteur, and their father was not, yet even so the likeness between his excellent stories and the scraps of family legends baldly related by their father had been unmistakable.

"Not your castle?" ejaculated Rory. "But you said it was! Whose is it then?"

by which such results would be not a matter of conjecture, but of certainty. These figures I have committed to tablets, which I am prepared to give to your mercenary and slow-witted father in return for your incomparable hand, a share of the profits, and the dismissal of the unintentive and morally threadbare Li Ting.'

"'When the earth-worm boasts of his elegant wings, the eagle can afford to be silent,' said a harsh voice behind them; and turning hastily they beheld Li Ting, who had come upon them unawares. 'Oh, most insignificant of tablet-spoilers,' he continued, 'it is very evident that much over-study has softened your usually well-educated brains. Were it not that you are obviously mentally afflicted, I should unhesitatingly persuade my beautiful and refined sword to introduce you to the spirits of your ignoble ancestors. As it is, I will merely cut off your nose and your left ear, so that people may not say that the Dragon of the Earth sleeps and wickedness goes unpunished.'

"Both had already drawn their swords, and very soon the blows were so hard and swift that, in the dusk of the evening, it seemed as though the air were filled with innumerable and many-coloured fireworks. Each was a practised swordsman, and there was no advantage gained on either side, when Ning, who had fled on the appearance of Li Ting, reappeared, urging on her father, whose usually leisurely footsteps were quickened by the dread that the duel must result in

"Well!" ejaculated Rory comfortably. "Did y
ever! And we wanted this to be our castle when w
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"Jam," said Dora.

"Greedy pigs!" reproved Elspeth. "Mr. Rosen
baum hasn't anything to eat and Mother says you
ought always to be sure that your guests have what
they want before you start stuffing yourself."

"Dear Mr. Rosenbaum!" said Flora-Dora sweetly,
and sliding heavily from her seat she presented her-
self one on each side of him, jammy hands laid on
his knees. "Would you like a cake?"

Mr. Rosenbaum straightened his shoulders and
looked up. The children, munching their lovely food,
were smiling at him with exactly the same friendli-
ness beaming out of their eyes. If anything it was
intensified because of a sweet and subtle change that
had taken place in their relationship. . . . For they
were now his hosts, not he theirs. . . . Smilingly he
accepted a cake from Flora-Dora.

VI

He had sent them home in his car and sat alone at
is library window, as he sat every evening, to watch
e sunset. The window gave him a view of the cove,
e mountains and the sea, a view he loved so pas-

is not as though it were an ordinary matter of human intelligence, for this was discovered to me as I was worshipping at the tomb of my ancestors. The method is regulated by a system of squares, triangles, and cubes. But as the practical proof might be long, and as I hesitate to keep your adorable daughter out in the damp night air, may I not call at your inimitable dwelling in the morning, when we can go into the matter thoroughly?'

"I will not weary this intelligent gathering, each member of which doubtless knows all the books on mathematics off by heart, with a recital of the means by which Yung Chang proved to Ti Hung the accuracy of his tables and the value of his discovery of the multiplication table, which till then had been undreamt of," continued the story-teller. "It is sufficient to know that he did so, and that Ti Hung agreed to his terms, only stipulating that Li Ting should not be made aware of his dismissal until he had returned and given in his accounts. The share of the profits that Yung was to receive was cut down very low by Ti Hung, but the young man did not mind that, as he would live with his father-in-law for the future.

"With the introduction of this new system, the business increased like a river at flood-time. All rivals were left behind, and Ti Hung put out this sign:

"'No Waiting Here!

"'Good-morning! Have you worshipped one of Ti Hung's refined ninety-nine cash idols?

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until he had made out his accounts and handed in his money that Ti Hung informed him of his agreement with Yung Chang.

"'Oh, most treacherous and excessively unpopular Ti Hung,' exclaimed Li Ting, in a terrible voice, 'this is the return you make for all my entrancing efforts in your service, then? It is in this way that you reward my exceedingly unconscientious recommendations of your very inferior and unendurable clay idols, with their goggle eyes and concave stomachs! Before I go, however, I request to be inspired to make the following remark—that I confidently predict your ruin. And now this low and undignified person will finally shake the elegant dust of your distinguished house from his thoroughly inadequate feet, and proceed to offer his incapable services to the rival establishment over the way.'

"'The machinations of such an evilly-disposed person as Li Ting will certainly be exceedingly subtle,' said Ti Hung to his son-in-law when the traveller had departed. 'I must counteract his omens. Herewith I wish to prophesy that henceforth I shall enjoy an unbroken run of good fortune. I have spoken, and assuredly I shall not eat my words.'

"As the time went on, it seemed as though Ti Hung had indeed spoken truly. The ease and celerity with which he transacted his business brought him customers and dealers from more remote regions than ever, for they could spend days on the journey and still save time. The army of clay-gatherers and

him that splendid justice! With the unerring judg-
ment of children they had seemed to sum him up correctly at the moment of meeting, and he thought though he had not been looking at them when he told them who he was, that their faith in him had not been shaken for a single instant. . . . It was Father who was mistaken. . . . How instantly they had sprung to the truth! Doubtless Father was frequently mistaken and had been correctly summed up by his offspring while still in their perambulators.

At the thought of their father he smiled, but with no bitterness. On the rare and rather stormy occasions of their meeting he had not disliked the charming, valiant, hot-headed, unreasonable Robert Fraser; it was impossible to dislike anyone so childish; though the childishness of a grown man has always unfortunately outgrown the wisdom of real childhood.

He wished he could repay those children for their wisdom. He had tried to give them a happy day in this home of theirs that he loved so greatly, and he ad succeeded, but now he was afraid that their appiness might turn in the future into an intoler-
ble ache of longing. Theirs, and not theirs. They ould carry always with them a bitter-sweet memory that home by the sea where, because of the folly their forefathers, they might not live. . . . The of the fathers shall be visited. . . .

the receipts and for the increase in the orders. The calculations of the unfortunate Yung Chang were correct up to a hundred, but at that number he had made a gigantic error—which, however, he was never able to detect and rectify—with the result that all transactions above that point worked out at a considerable loss to the seller. It was in vain that the panic-stricken and infuriated Ti Hung goaded his miserable son-in-law to correct the mistake; it was equally in vain that he tried to stem the current of his enormous commercial popularity. He had competed for public favour, and he had won it, and every day his business increased till ruin grasped him by the pigtail. Then came an order from one firm at Pekin for five millions of the ninety-nine cash idols, and at that Ti Hung put up his shutters, and sat down in the dust.

"'Behold!' he exclaimed, 'in the course of a lifetime there are many very disagreeable evils that may overtake a person. He may offend the Sacred Dragon, and be in consequence reduced to a fine dry powder; or he may incur the displeasure of the benevolent and pure-minded Emperor, and be condemned to death by roasting; he may also be troubled by demons or by the disturbed spirits of his ancestors, or be struck by thunderbolts. Indeed, there are numerous annoyances, but they all become as Heaven-sent blessings in comparison to a self-opinionated and more than ordinarily weak-minded son-in-law. Of what avail is it that I have habitually sold one idol for the value of

their own, to blow the fairy horn from the castle tower."

They had nothing to say to this, speech never being easy with them, but all that they felt was in the grip of the hand that they gave him. . . . At last, after years of generosity to the people of this place that had, because he was a stranger, brought him scarcely a word of thanks, he had done something that had won him favour in their eyes. . . . With a last smile and gesture of the hand he dismissed them and turned back to his chair and his contemplation of the sunset.

VII

It surpassed itself to-night. Watching it was like watching the brush of an unerring painter splashing brave colour upon a ten-leagued canvas. Brighter and brighter it glowed; amethyst and lilac on the mountains, an azure sky flecked with rosy clouds like curling feathers, a sea of rippled grey silk that held the colours of sky and mountains cradled in the curve of each wave; with here and there a patch of brighter colour where a field of yellow ragwort or ripening corn stood out on the lower slope of a mountain, or orange weed lay on the silver sand. . . . Then a sudden rainstorm swept up out of the west and the

lifeless to the ground, to avenge the memories that their unworthy descendant had so often reviled.

"'So perish all the enemies of Yung Chang,' said the victor. 'And now, my venerated but exceedingly short-sighted father-in-law, learn how narrowly you have escaped making yourself exceedingly objectionable to yourself. I have just received intelligence from Pekin that I have passed the second degree, and have in consequence been appointed to a remunerative position under the Government. This will enable us to live in comfort, if not in affluence, and the rest of your engaging days can be peacefully spent in flying kites.'"

ERNEST BRAMAH.



ward by his longing for union with the golden heart of the beauty he adored.

And when the fairy horn had sounded, and the gift of a fortune had brought the Frasers back to their castle for ever, they kept his imperishable memory not green but gold. "The crock of gold," they called him, and thought of him whenever the ripening corn rippled in the wind or the sun glinted on the waves about their home.

the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there, or why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living; and if the sunshine were a hundred hours long, still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder, never enough of the grass that smells sweet as a flower, not if we could live years and years equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed counting backwards four years to every day and night, backwards still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and thinking of him I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf and the scarlet-dotted flies shall pass over me, as if I too were but a grass. I will not think, I will be unconscious, I will live.

Listen! that was the low sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough

and was supposed to call a roll daily, but this was a mere formality. He knew, from long experience, that though most of them were booked for the complete voyage a number would almost certainly "jump ship" at some intermediate port. That, however, was the business of the local officials!

The *nakhoda* had another cause for satisfaction, quite apart from a good cargo. He had been fortunate enough to pull off a little private business deal, the initial stage of which had taken place in a room behind an obscure coffee-shop in a certain well-known port. There he had met a trusted friend and colleague who had handed over to him a small bag containing a quantity of uncut diamonds which, when safely delivered to another friend some thousand-odd miles away, would enrich his own pocket very considerably. Mahmoud had no qualms about driving a hard bargain, for the risks involved were considerable and might well mean danger to life. The illicit traffic in diamonds attracted a multitude of human jackals who would stop at little to get their hands on the gems, and who were often a far greater danger to the smuggler himself than the police and Customs authorities. A heavy fine was better than a knife-thrust to the heart!

Mahmoud, however, was no amateur at this game. He was fully aware that spies and informers might be abroad, and had taken due precautions. Even

the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. They are useless, they are bitter, they are allied to sleep and poison and everlasting night; yet they are forgiven because they are not commonplace. Nothing, no abundance of them, can ever make the poppies commonplace. There is genius in them, the genius of colour, and they are saved. Even when they take the room of the corn we must admire them. The mighty multitude of nations, the millions and millions of the grass stretching away in intertangled ranks, through pasture and mead from shore to shore, have no kinship with these their lords. The ruler is always a foreigner. From England to China the native born is no king; the poppies are the Normans of the field. One of these on the mound is very beautiful, a width of petal, a clear silkiness of colour three shades higher than the rest, it is almost dark with scarlet. I wish I could do something more than gaze at all this scarlet and gold and crimson and green, something more than see it, not exactly to drink it or inhale it, but in some way to make it part of me that I might live it.

The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres —the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside on the banks of the lane, near the gateway—look, too, in uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone.

"I am, as you see, a poor blind beggar whom men call Ali," whined the ancient. "Evil times have befallen me in my old age and I am returning home—probably to die."

Mahmoud regarded the man more closely. "Your ugly face seems familiar," he said slowly. "Where have I seen it before, apart possibly from the streets of Zanzibar?"

"On this very ship, master!" The beggar grinned toothlessly. "Aye, on this finest of ships. A year ago I and my brother sailed with you to Zanzibar. And we paid our fares," he added proudly. "We asked no charity!"

Mahmoud did not doubt this statement. He had often carried professional beggars to Zanzibar and similar ports, where they plied their trade with considerable profit. Usually they gave no trouble as passengers, and the *nakhoda* had no real objection to them. Doubtless he had seen this old fellow before, but had taken little notice of him. "What do you want with me now?" he asked.

"A favour, master. Just a very small favour! My old bones are too weary for me to mix with the rabble on deck. In the name of your honoured father I ask to be allowed a small space on the poop!"

Mahmoud's face darkened. "You talk in riddles, beggar," he said. "My father has been dead for many

the bold corsair-like sweeps of the Arctic skua, and even in the seeming laboured grace of the tern the eye begins to dwell more on the labour and less on the grace. All these birds are bodies: the fulmar petrel more suggests a soul. Something of this it owes to its colouring, which, though approaching to blue above, and of the purest-looking white below, yet has in it that exquisitely smoked or shadowed quality which allows of no glint or gleam, avoids all saliency, and almost seems alien from substance itself. It blends with the air, of which it seems to be a condensation rather than something introduced into it. Yet most lies in the flight. In this there is conveyed to one a sense not so much of power over as of actual partnership in the element in which the bird floats, as though it had been born there, as though it might sleep and awake there, as though it had never been, nor ever could be, anywhere else. It is, I suppose, the small apparent mechanism of the flight that gives this impression, the absence, or the ease, of effort. Sliding, as it were, from the face of the precipice, and often from the most towering heights of it, the thin cleaver-like wings are at once, or after a few quick, flickering vibrations, spread to their full extent, and on them the bird floats, sweeps, circles, now sinking towards the sea, now cresting the summit of the cliff, but keeping, for the most part, within the middle space between the two. Ever and anon it sails smoothly in to its own rocky ledge, pauses above it, as though to think " My home! " then, with another

captain travelled overland, hunting the best-paying freight and sometimes doing a little private business of his own. Kassim could handle the vessel as well as the master; he was also a strict disciplinarian so far as the passengers were concerned. The crew gave no trouble at all, but on occasion some of the wilder passengers quarrelled and fought amongst themselves, and if these battles were not checked immediately Bedlam was apt to break loose. As a precautionary measure Kassim carried a long hide whip, and there were times when he had waded into a group of fighting Bedouins, using the whip to quell what might have been a sanguinary knife-fight.

On this occasion, however, nothing of any moment happened during Mahmoud's absence. The *nakhoda* remained ashore a day and a night, returning when they were ready to sail again. Kassim had only one thing to report. "That old beggar, Ali," he said. "I have discovered that he carries a knife."

Mahmoud regarded his subordinate with a smile. "What is so strange about that?" he asked. "Many of us carry knives!"

"Assuredly," replied Kassim. "But do not forget this beggar is blind. Of what use can a knife be to a blind man?"

The *nakhoda* laughed outright. "Kassim, your mind is overfull of suspicions!" he said. "Perhaps the old man cuts his toenails with it! I have no

and the pronounced bend at the joint, which, in the gull and kittiwake, causes the forepart of the wing to slope backwards in a marked degree, looks almost clumsy by comparison. The reason, I think, is that the petrel's straight, thin, flat-pressed wings look so splendidly set to the wind, suggesting a graceful ship—lateen-rigged—in fullest sail, whilst the others seem timidly furled and reefed by the side of them. Sometimes, indeed, the wings do bend just a little—for, after all, they have a joint—but the straight-set attitude is more germane to them, and soon they assume it again, shooting forward so briskly, yet softly, that one seems to hear a soft little musical click.

And thus this dream and joy of glorious motion, this elemental spirit of a bird, floats and flickers along, cradled in air, looking like a shadow upon it, sweeping and gliding, rising and falling, in circles of consummate ease. No, this is not dominion, but union and sweet accord. There is no in-spite-of, no proud compelling, here. Lighter than the air that it rides on, the bird seems married to it, clasps it as a bride.

EDMUND SELOUS.

NATURALIST AND SPORTSMAN

It is, I admit, an unhappy truth that the naturalist is generally more or less in combination with the sportsman, but it seems to me that as either element

moud let him have enough to serve them until they reached the next port?

No sailor could refuse such a request, even if it meant going on short rations himself. Mahmoud did not hesitate.

"Send over your boat," he shouted. "You are welcome to what I can spare."

The *Yaida* possessed one large wooden tank and a smaller reserve one, which was kept locked, and Mahmoud knew he had ample for his own needs. As an experienced shipmaster, however, he took a poor view of the other skipper's predicament.

"That *nakhoda* must be a careless fellow," he remarked to Kassim. "He should have watched his tanks. Such negligence is bad!"

According to custom, he took up his station on the poop, sending the mate down to meet the boarding-party. The stranger might have been remiss about his water supply, but his men were certainly good seamen, for there was nothing to complain about in the way their longboat was being handled. Manned by half-a-dozen hands, it made a swift passage across the sparkling blue waters. In the stern sat the mate, a short, powerful-looking fellow wearing a yellow turban. Presently the boat slid neatly alongside the *Yaida* and made fast.

The little party of sailors then scrambled aboard, all carrying skin bags—and at that moment the

destructive he is. The other kind wearies, or may weary, but he never does. His whole life, in thought or act, is one long ceaseless crime against every other life. His goal is extermination, and nature, for him, a museum. He is the most disgusting figure, in my estimation, that has ever appeared in the world, nor is there any thought more painful to me than that of the slaughter he is every day perpetrating, and the extermination of species resulting from it. What deaths may he not achieve in a lifetime! Of all Thugs, he has the biggest record. That he is often an agreeable, intelligent, and cultivated man—a very good fellow and otherwise unoffending member of society—is infinitely to be regretted. I would he were a street nuisance, a swindler, tsar or grand duke, to the boot of his much greater enormities, for then he might be put down, whereas now there is little chance of it. . . .

Thank heaven he is not here, to put all these pretty little families under glass cases, and steal every egg on the nest. To get a thing dead, that is what his love of nature amounts to, and he does it for those like himself. I know the kind of people who enjoy those groups in the museum at South Kensington, and I am sick at heart that they should be there for them. Who is there, with a soul in his body, who can see a lot of young stuffed herons, say, in a nest with their parents, without feeling more disgust at the Philistine slaughter which procured them than pleasure in the poor lifeless imitation for the sake of

"Quickly, dog!" growled the old man. "Out with the key, or I kill you!"

Fumbling at his belt, Mahmoud hurled a big key down to the deck below.

"Take it, thrice-cursed son of a jackal!" he cried. "May Allah destroy you!"

As he spoke he felt the renewed pressure of the knife and a sudden burning pain as its point drove deeper into his flesh; it struck him he had better not anger his assailant further. So, silent and motionless, he continued to watch the drama being enacted in front of him.

One of the men from the other dhow had already picked up the key, and now made his way to the small water-tank. Unlocking it, he raised the heavy wooden lid. Then, taking from his belt a length of cord and a sort of grapnel, he dropped the contrivance into the water and drew it slowly backwards and forwards. Within a few minutes he had hooked something, hauling to the surface a round object which proved to be a small goatskin bag, tightly sewed up. At sight of this Mahmoud let out a bellow of rage, whereupon the vigilant Ali gave him another warning jab with the knife.

Seizing the bag from the sailor's hand, the stranger mate bowed mockingly towards Mahmoud.

"This is all we require," he called out jubilantly. "I trust the *nakhoda* will observe that we are men of

to be killed, and which have been so much praised, are really nothing but an evil, or, at least, that there is no good in them at all comparable to the evil. All naturalists "of the right breed" who *can* see them alive, and not dead, will. Those who cannot will take little consolation in so poor a substitute, and will rather spend their time in seeing what they can than in filling their eyes with mere deadness. It is not for such that these odious slaughters, these revolting barbarities are committed, but for sauntering mechanics, booby children, "Oh my!"-ing servant maids, and a few panel-painting young ladies. These are the beneficiaries; but the real moving motive of it all—the *causa causans*—is the inextinguishable fire of slaughter that burns for ever in the human breast. It burns for ever, but, as Time works his changes, some new imagined motive must be found for the old passion and the old deed; so over them both science now flings her ample, hypocritical cloak. "For the sake of science"—that is the formula of the professor who sends out the naturalist to slay, and of the naturalist who goes and slays. With that charm on their lips both quench the thirst of their hearts, and feel no evil in the draught. To the strong band of slayers they add their strength, nay, supply it, if that were needed, with an added incentive, preaching a crusade of destruction to its very enthusiasts who, though they love nothing better, yet may nod sometimes, like the good Homer, and are then urged and begged to continue with "Kill more, and fill our

observed that she was already some distance away, bowling along under full sail at a speed which he realized he could not possibly rival. Nevertheless, he himself appeared to be in no hurry to get the ship on her course again.

"Where is that dog of a beggar?" he demanded of Kassim. "Find him and bring him to me at once!"

A search was made, but no trace of Ali could be found, and it was eventually decided that he must have slipped unnoticed into the long boat with the other ruffians—evidently his confederates.

"Either that," suggested Kassim, "or he jumped overboard and was drowned. But such a fate would be too good for so black-hearted a traitor. That man," he added, bitterly, "was no more blind than I am!"

Presently the *Yaida* was under way once more, heading northwards on her normal course. Mahmoud, after a brief but soothing session with his beloved water-pipe, got up and walked across to Kassim, who was at the tiller. The mate regarded him quizzically.

"So this time the vultures picked up your trail," he remarked meaningly. "It is indeed difficult for a man to earn a little honest money for himself when spies lurk even aboard his own ship!"

"This is very true," agreed the *nakhoda* solemnly.

FARMER OAK AND THE SHEEP

THE wind continued to beat about the corners of the hut, but the flute-playing ceased. A rectangular space of light appeared in the side of the hut, and in the opening the outline of Farmer Oak's figure. He carried a lantern in his hand, and closing the door behind him came forward and busied himself about this nook of the field for nearly twenty minutes, the lantern light appearing and disappearing here and there, and brightening him or darkening him as he stood before or behind it. . . .

The ring of the sheep-bell, which had been silent during his absence, recommenced, in tones that had more mellowness than clearness, owing to the increasing growth of surrounding wool. This continued till Oak withdrew again from the flock. He returned to the hut, bringing in his arms a new-born lamb, consisting of four legs large enough for a full-grown sheep, united by an unimportant membrane about half the substance of the legs collectively which constituted the animal's entire body just at present.

The little speck of life he placed on a wisp of hay before the small stove, where a can of milk was simmering. Oak extinguished the lantern by blowing into it and then pinching out the snuff, the cot being lighted by a candle suspended by a twisted wire. A rather hard couch formed of a few corn sacks thrown carelessly down covered half the floor of thi

THE JOB IN THE CITY

I

In the city of London, as in all great cities, the boundary between the ordinary and the queer is exceedingly narrow. A party wall, or the floor that separates one office from another, is all that lies between persons and concerns which, in nature, are all the world apart.

And, perhaps because they are afraid of it, most people greatly underestimate the amount of queerness in the world. You need a kind of special nose for queerness: a gift, or, if you prefer it, a misfortune, which makes you see queerness wherever you are. Some people possess this to such a degree that, for them, the queer becomes the ordinary. They attract to themselves one odd experience after another. If one suburban house in a road of five hundred is haunted, they take it. If there is one crook in [illegible] applicants for a situation, they engage him. They suffer unheard-of accidents, hold freak hands at bridge, encounter lunatics. They cannot even go for a penny bus ride without meeting some odd [illegible]

darkness. After placing the little creature with its mother, he stood and carefully examined the sky, to ascertain the time of night from the altitude of the stars.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

One night, when Farmer Oak had returned to his house, believing there would be no further necessity for his attendance on the down, he called as usual to the dogs, previously to shutting them up in the outhouse till next morning. Only one responded—old George; the other could not be found, either in the house, lane, or garden. Gabriel then remembered that he had left the two dogs on the hill eating a dead lamb (a kind of meat he usually kept from them, except when other food ran short), and concluding that the young one had not finished his meal, he went indoors to the luxury of a bed, which latterly he had only enjoyed on Sundays.

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways—by the rapid feeding of the

the home of her family, who ate their meals, not at table, but each on a different flight of stairs about the house; and (*e*), after being arrested in mistake for somebody else, was offered a partnership in a treasure hunt by his cell-mate, which he declined politely, only to find out afterwards that the offer was perfectly genuine. All this, plus the daily, casual encounters with lunatics, etc., which made, for Peter, the normal experience of life.

It did not have any great effect on him. He was, as I have said, an ordinary young man. He took things as they came, and believed his friends when they told him that the things that happened to him were not typical of "real life"; but he became more and more fed up with oddity. As passionately as a bank clerk yearns for travel and adventure, Peter longed for a nice quiet humdrum job where everyone was ordinary as himself.

It was with deep satisfaction, therefore, and a great sense of relief, that, after a month out of work, he obtained an office job in the city. True, there was something dangerously near to oddity in the suddenness with which he was engaged. Less than ten minutes after he had been told of the vacancy—by a friend on whom he just happened to have dropped in—he was shown into the presence of his prospective employer.

Mr. John Edlin-Smith looked normal enough, even

A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signs implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead and dying at its foot—a heap of two hundred carcases, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more.

Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his which bordered on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton—that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs.

It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly for ever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.

THOMAS HARDY.

"What's that?" he said: and then, remembering, "Don't you worry about that, my boy. *I* know if you'll suit me all right. Pick by instinct; that's my way. Always have done. Always will. Don't you worry."

He came round the desk, and slapped Peter on the shoulder.

"Sorry to rush away like this. I'd have liked a talk with you. And liked to have read your letters. But I must go. Trafford'll tell you everything."

He nodded again, gave Peter a friendly wink, and disappeared, bawling further instructions in the outer office as he went out.

Peter waited for about a minute, then walked, diffidently enough, into the outer office. A sandy-haired, thin, indeterminate sort of man, who might have been of any age from twenty-five to sixty, was putting a ledger away in a small safe. He closed the safe, dusted his hands together, then turned and looked at Peter.

"Well," he said, with a marked Scots accent. "And what am I to do with you?"

Peter spread out his hands.

"I haven't the least idea. Are you Mr. Trafford?"

"Aye."

"How do you do? Mr. Edlin-Smith said I was to ask you to tell me my job."

"You have been definitely engaged, then?"

There were roomy stables and a big old-fashioned granary mounted on stone pillars, yet none the less infested, so they told us, by rats—a useful legend. The grounds were charming; on one side of the croquet lawn was the most enormous acacia I have ever seen, the bloom of which never failed, and on the other a fine cedar. Beyond was a walled kitchen garden with flowery borders and rose patches, and the object of our lives was to mount the walls, unobserved, from the far side in quest of forbidden fruit. Once I remember the gardener, who had stealthily removed the ladder, suddenly appearing with a long switch; we flew along the top, he at the bottom of the wall, calling out as we reached the spot where the ladder should have been: "Now, I've got yer, yer little warmints," and I am glad to say I followed Johnny's lead and took a flying leap down into safety, a drop of eight or nine feet—not a mean performance for a child of less than that number of years.

Beyond the kitchen garden was a shrubbery that seemed to me then what the woods in Rossetti's sonnets seem to me now—a vast mysterious place full of glades and birds, wildflowers and bracken; beyond that again, not on our property I think, was a nut-wood intersected by green paths one exactly like the other, in which I never strayed far from my elders for fear of getting lost. I was always haunted with this particular terror, and once, when separated for one second from my family in the midst of a

quite like the look of all this. There was something *odd* about it.

"Mr. Edlin-Smith said I was to arrange the—er—financial side of the business with you."

"Oh!" Trafford put his finger-tips together, and pursed up his long thin lips. "He said that, did he?" Suddenly and surprisingly, he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, subject to confirmation, shall we say that you start at—six pounds a week?"

Peter hid his joy.

"Thank you. That will be quite satisfactory. Er—what time on Monday morning?"

Trafford did not shrug his shoulders. One might almost have said that he shrugged his eyebrows, and his mouth.

"Oh! Nine-thirty. Ten. We don't start very early, you know. Though, mind you"—he suddenly looked businesslike and mysterious—"occasionally one may be kept late. Mr. Edlin-Smith is a very considerate employer: but the demands of the business are sometimes a little—well—a little erratic."

II

That had all happened over a fortnight ago. To-day was Peter's third Monday morning; and, since that day, he had not set eyes on his employer, nor was

to my conviction they were thousand-year-old insects, not really dead, but in a state of suspended animation; for when placed in a soup-plate with a little water at the bottom they presently began to swell, stretch out their legs, and turn slow somersaults. No one knows what nightmares followed that particular treat.

Finally, there is one more memory, dateless but imperishable, because I was never allowed to hear the end of it—an occasion on which all unconsciously a life's philosophy was formulated. Once grandmamma helped me to some pudding, and seeing I did not touch it, exclaimed: "Why, I thought it was your favourite pudding!" My answer was: "Yes, but this is so little I can't eat it."

I think on the whole we were a naughty and very quarrelsome crew. My father wrote and pinned on the wall: "If you have nothing pleasant to say *hold your tongue*"; an adage which, though excellent as a receipt for getting on in society, was unpopular in a nursery such as ours, for words lead to blows, and we happened to love fighting. There was one terrific battle between Mary and myself in the course of which I threw a knife that wounded her chin, to which she responded with a fork that hung for a moment just below my eye, Johnny having in the meantime crawled under the table. . . .

One day, when Mary and I knew that incarceration in an empty room at the top of the house would surely be our lot, we seized as many books as we could lay hold of, and stuffed them into

to ascertain the principle on which the entries in the original ledger were made. On the two or three days following, he learned a dodge or two for speeding up the copying and saving himself trouble. Beyond that, the work was purely mechanical.

Moreover, there did not appear to be any point in it. The entries in the old ledger were perfectly legible. They covered the years 1929 to 1932. A few of the pages were stained. There was a blot here and there, and a couple of torn pages, neatly repaired. Otherwise, it seemed to Peter perfectly satisfactory.

He said as much to Trafford, towards the end of his first week.

"Och," replied the Scotsman, "Mr. Edlin-Smith is very keen on having everything up to date. We are likely to be leaving here soon," he added, as Peter's glance went round the ancient office equipment, "and moving into newer premises above the main office."

"The main office? Then this isn't the only one?"

"Och, no."

There was such scorn in the reply that Peter felt properly crushed, and went back to his copying with a new humility.

All the same, curiosity is natural, epecially in the young, and Peter, whose nose for detecting the odd was by this time fairly sharp, set himself to find out all he could about his job and his employer.

He met with little success: remarkably little. Si-

justice this much had to be said for him, that in the christening of his amusement he had gone right to the heart of the matter. The words "will" and "testament" have various meanings and uses; but about the signification of "death-letter" there can be no manner of doubt.

I smoothed out the crumpled paper and read:

"My dear edward (it ran) when I die I leave all my muny to you my walkin sticks wips my crop my sord and gun bricks forts and all things i have good-bye my dear charlotte when i die I leave you my wach and cumpus and pencel case my salors and camperdown my picteres and evthing goodbye your loving brother armen my dear Martha I love you very much i leave you my garden my mice and rabets my plants in pots when I die please take care of them my dear——" (*Cetera desunt.*)

KENNETH GRAHAME.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

"WELL, then," Harold began afresh, "let's pretend we're Knights of the Round Table; and (with a rush) I'll be Lancelot!"

"I won't play unless I'm Lancelot," I said. I didn't mean it really, but the game of "Knights" always began with this particular contest.

Trafford telephoned for a shorthand typist, shut the door between the two rooms, and was busy for a couple of hours at a time, dictating in a low, monotonous voice of which no single word was audible to Peter outside. When Peter made an excuse to go into the room, Trafford ceased dictating till he had found what he pretended to want and, with ears burning, had retreated.

One morning, the telephone rang just as Trafford was going out to lunch. Peter did not hear what was said, but, when the interview ended, Trafford was obviously discomposed. He bade Peter call a taxi, brushed his hat and coat with care, went to the safe, and took out some money. Then, brusquely warning Peter that he might be late, he departed.

The warning was justified. It was ten to three before he returned, and a ravenous and angry Peter was released for lunch. There was a spot of colour on Trafford's cheeks. He threw his hat down, and pulled off a pair of smart kid gloves.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It wasn't my fault." Then, to Peter's astonishment, he almost smirked. "Take your time, Black. I shan't expect you back till half-past four."

When Peter did come back, there were signs that Trafford had only just awakened from a comfortable nap.

of sword on helm. The varying fortune of the day swung doubtful—now on this side, now on that; till at last Lancelot, grim and great, thrusting through the press, unhorsed Sir Tristram (an easy task), and bestrode her, threatening doom; while the Cornish knight, forgetting hard-won fame of old, cried piteously, "You're hurting me, I tell you! and you're tearing my frock!" Then it happed that Sir Kay, hurtling to the rescue, stopped short in his stride; catching sight suddenly, through apple-boughs, of a gleam of scarlet afar off; while the confused tramp of many horses, mingled with talk and laughter, was borne to the ears of his fellow-champions and himself.

"What is it?" inquired Tristram, sitting up and shaking out her curls; while Lancelot forsook the clanging lists and trotted nimbly to the boundary-edge.

I stood spell-bound for a moment longer, and then, with a cry of "Soldiers!" I was off to the hedge, Sir Tristram picking herself up and scurrying after us.

Down the road they came, two and two, at an easy walk; scarlet flamed in the eye, bits jingled and saddles squeaked delightfully; while the men, in a halo of dust, smoked their short clays like the heroes they were. In a swirl of intoxicating glory the troop clinked and clattered by, while we shouted and waved, jumping up and down, and the big jolly horsemen acknowledged the salute with easy condescension.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

"Where is it?"

"I put it on your desk."

The clerk's sharp eyes bored into Peter's. Then he went into the next room, leaving Peter with the uncomfortable feeling that a snake had suddenly looked out of a familiar place.

Peter was never one to pride himself on his insight or on his intelligence: but there was, he would go bail for it, something odd about that envelope.

He remembered its appearance from the first Monday. It was a distinctive, unusual sort of envelope. There was just the chance that there would be another one this morning: and—the reason why he now sat tense with anticipation—a huge trayful of letters had come first thing for Trafford, who was closeted next door with his shorthand typist. So that, unless the office boy turned up again, there would be no one to rob him of his chance to find out something more.

Peter had very little compunction about doing so. After all, it was only natural that a chap should want to know about the business he was working in: particularly since all his friends with whom he discussed it shook their heads, and seemed to think there was something very odd about it indeed.

He glanced at the clock. Surely the thing had come earlier than this before!

tossing circle of light and flame, and from the centre of this a banging, brazen, cymbal-clashing scream issued—a scream that, through its strident shrillness, he recognised as a tune that he knew—a tune often whistled by Jim at Cow Farm, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back." Whence the tune came he could not tell; from the very belly of the flaming monster, it seemed; but as he watched, he saw that the huge circle whirled ever faster and faster, and that up and down on the flame of it coloured horses rose and fell, vanishing from light to darkness, from darkness to light, and seemed of their own free will to dance to the thundering music.

It was the most terrific thing he had ever seen. The most terrific thing. . . . He stood there, his cap on the back of his head, his legs apart, his mouth open; forgetting utterly the crowd, thinking nothing of time or danger or punishment—he gazed with his whole body.

As his eyes grew more accustomed to the glare of the hissing gas, he saw that in the centre figures were painted standing on the edge of a pillar that revolved without pause. There was a woman with flaming red cheeks, a gold dress and dead-white dusty arms, a man with a golden crown and a purple robe, but a broken nose, and a minstrel with a harp. The woman and the king moved stiffly their arms up and down, that they might strike instruments, one a cymbal and the other a drum.

But it was finally the horses that caught Jeremy's

jewellery, with a certain amount of small articles of furniture and *objets d'art*: for all the world like the goods, lost and stolen, for which rewards are offered in the agony columns of a newspaper.

After a few moments' inspection, Peter put them back in the envelope, and replaced it on the mat. Then, sorely puzzled, he went back and sat at his desk.

He had not been seated more than a minute when Trafford's door opened, and the secretary preceded him into the outer office.

"Bring them back to me to sign at half-past twelve. Not later."

"Very good, Mr. Trafford."

"If they're done earlier, so much the better. I'll be here——"

He broke off. Peter, watching him under his eyelids, saw him catch sight of the envelope on the mat. Trafford pointed like a dog: gave Peter the same lightning glance: then stepped across, and picked up the envelope.

"When did this come, Black?"

"I hardly noticed. Only a few minutes ago, anyway."

Trafford grunted, took the envelope with him into his office, and shut the door.

latform where the horses stood. A woman, then a nan and a boy, then two men, then two girls giggling together, then a man and a girl.

And the stout fellow shouted: "Come along hup! Come along hup! Now, lidies and gents! A 'alfpenny a ride! Come along hup!"

Jeremy noticed then that the fine horse with the black mane had stopped close beside him. Impossible to say whether the horse had intended it or no! He was staring now in front of him with the innocent stupid gaze that animals can assume when they do not wish to give themselves away. But Jeremy could see that he was taking it for granted that Jeremy understood the affair. "If you're such a fool as not to understand" he seemed to say, "well, then, I don't want you." Jeremy gazed, and the reproach in those eyes was more than he could endure. At any moment someone else might settle himself on that beautiful back! there, that stupid fat giggling girl! No—she had moved elsewhere. . . . He could endure it no longer, and with a thumping heart, clutching a scalding penny in a red-hot hand, he mounted the steps. "One ride—little gen'elman. 'Ere you are! 'Old on now! Oh, you wants that one, do yer? Right yer are—yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice." He lifted Jeremy up. "Put yer arms round 'is neck now—'e won't bite yer!"

Bite him indeed! Jeremy felt, as he clutched the cool head, and let his hand slide over the stiff black mane, that he knew more about that horse than his

"Hullo, what's-your-name! Seen you before, haven't I? Yes, of course. Only the other day. Well—you go and have a word with her ladyship, will you, while I whisper one or two sweet nothings in our friend's ear here?"

Hardly able to hide a grin at the expression of distaste which soured Trafford's face, Peter went out, closing the door. At once he forgot all about Trafford and his employer, staring at the vision in front of him.

A woman of quite extraordinary beauty was looking over his desk, making a little face at the ledgers that lay open on it. She must have seen Peter come in, but she gave no sign. She remained, pouting at the columns of figures: then, adjusting her short eye-veil, she turned, looked at Peter's chair as if she expected it to be covered with dust, and seated herself gingerly on the edge of it.

She made several small movements until she was comfortable, then crossed her legs, looked up, and pretended to see Peter for the first time.

Peter met her look with less than his usual composure. Simple as he was in most respects, he had lived in Town. An expensively dressed woman was no novelty to him. But this woman's beauty, the incongruity of her appearance in the dingy office, the unexpectedness of the whole thing, took him at a disadvantage. He stood, wordless.

it held buyers and sellers and treasures and riches, and all the inhabitants of the world—surely all the world *must* be here to-night. And then, beyond the haze, there were the silent and mysterious gipsy caravans. Dark with their little square windows, and their coloured walls, and their round wheels, and the smell of wood fires, and the noise of hissing kettles and horses cropping the grass, and around them the still night world with the thick woods and the dark river.

He did not see it all as he sat on his horse—he was, as yet, too young; but he did feel the contrast between the din and glare around him and the silence and dark beyond, and, afterwards, looking back, he knew that he had found in that same contrast the very heart of romance. As it was, he simply clutched his horse's beautiful head and waited for the ride to begin. . . .

They were off! He felt his horse quiver under him, he saw the mansions of the Two-Headed Giant and the Fat Lady slip to the right, the light seemed to swing like the skirt of someone's dress, upwards across the floor, and from the heart of the golden woman and the king and the minstrel a scream burst forth as though they were announcing the end of the world. After that he had no clear idea as to wha occurred. He was swung into space, and all the lif that had been so stationary, the booths, the light the men and women, the very stars went swingir with him as though to cheer him on; the horse und

get any further, the door opened, and Edlin-Smith burst out, talking loudly.

"Right. Oh, hullo, dear. This is Mr.—er——"

"Black."

"Black. Of course. Ought to have introduced you."

She bowed at Peter.

"He has been entertaining me very prettily, thank you." She got up languidly. "Why do you make him copy out these old books?"

"What old books?"

Edlin-Smith stared. Trafford, at his elbow, coughed.

"Mr. Black is making those duplicates of the Ensham and Dolbear ledgers which you wanted for the new office, sir."

"The——? Oh, yes, of course. Of course. Very valuable." He gave Peter's ledger a hasty glance. "Doing it very neatly, too. Good. Good. Well, darling, we must be getting along. 'Bye, Trafford. 'Bye, Black."

"Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, Mr. Black."

"Good-bye."

She got up, giving Peter a lazy, half-mocking glance; and Edlin-Smith possessively shepherded her out of the door.

Trafford stood still for moment, clicked his tongue,

looking up at him gaped. His horse gave a last little leap and died.

This marvellous experience he repeated four times, and every time with an ecstasy more complete than the last.

He rushed to a height, he fell, he rushed again, he fell, and at every return to a sober life his one intention was instantly to be off on his steed once more. He was about to start on his fifth journey, he had paid his halfpenny, he was sitting forward with his hands on the black mane, his eyes, staring, were filled already with the glory that he knew was coming to him, his cheeks were crimson, his hat on the back of his head, his hair flying. He heard a voice, quiet and cool, a little below him, but very near:

"Jeremy . . . Jeremy. Come off that. You've got to go home."

He looked down and saw his uncle Samuel.

HUGH WALPOLE.



"I'll have to wait till Mr. Trafford comes back, sir, I'm afraid."

"Why—where's Izzard?"

"He hasn't been here for some days, sir."

"Damn. I'll have to see to that. Well—go the moment Trafford comes back, will you? Then ring me up, and—— Here. Wait a minute. Get them to quote me for *Cerise d'Amour* as well, will you? Ring me up as soon as you get back."

When Trafford returned, Peter told him of his commission. Not a muscle of the Scotsman's face moved.

VI

Peter's expedition had one tangible result—the arrival of a new office boy.

"Boy" was hardly the word, for the newcomer, one M'Canlis, was considerably older than Peter. He had a broad, honest face, a fair moustache curled at the ends, innocent blue eyes, and the general appearance of an ex-N.C.O. He was willing, courteous and friendly, and proceeded to perform the duties of general utility man efficiently and with apparent zest. Such office routine as there was went much more smoothly for his presence. There was more than before, too: for Edlin-Smith and Trafford, as though

cease, and there is now dead silence.] Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up—ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle—[*With biting irony.*]—but when Nature says: 'No further,' 'tes going agenst Nature." *I* tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if ye can!"—[*With a sort of exaltation.*]—his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" *I* tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night—don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'Tes only by that—[*He strikes a blow with his clenched fist.*]—in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago. Never!

Evans. Curse them!

he had *arrived at it, Peter put all questions out of* his mind. The main point was that he liked M'Canlis very much.

VII

When he came to look back on it afterwards, Peter decided the only reason he had not been more puzzled, and thus perhaps got on the track of things, was that in that last week things happened so quickly.

The clue—the first real clue—was presented to him one Monday morning. It was only because more distracting things began to happen at once that he did not follow it up. At least, that is what he told himself afterwards; what he tried to believe.

On the Monday morning, Peter and M'Canlis were sitting in the outer office. Peter was, as usual, copying. M'Canlis was cleaning a typewriter.

Suddenly the flap of the letterbox was pushed in, and the usual Monday morning envelope fell on the mat.

Prompted by he knew not what, Peter nodded towards it, and said to M'Canlis, "There it is."

The effect on M'Canlis was extraordinary. He stiffened. His eyes, which in a flash had fixed on Peter, went like the eyes of a cat in sunlight. The

blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. *Don't I* know that? Wasn' the work o' *my* brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's *Capital!* A thing that will say—"I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there—Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends—a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid*—afraid for

Peter was no snob. For an employer whom he liked, he would fetch and carry cheerfully. But to be fagged hither and thither by a man who took no interest in him, who could hardly be bothered even to remember his name—this, combined with everything else, stuck in his gullet.

Why couldn't the man buy his own golf stockings, or ring up the shop, if he was too lazy to go himself?

The commissions took a long time to carry out. Peter had to find his way to places he had never heard of. As the afternoon progressed, he grew hotter and angrier. When, last item on his list, he came to the golf stockings, he took his revenge by purchasing the most expensive he could find, at fifty shillings a pair.

By the time he reached St. John's Wood, it was long past office hours. He was shown into a long low room, deliciously cool. He heard the maid announcing him, in decorous tones, on the far side of the folding doors.

"Tell him to come in," said a full, lazy voice; and, before he could protest, Peter found himself standing in the doorway, opposite a vision even more exquisite than before.

SHE—Peter, in his mind, could not bear to call her by his employer's name; and, anyhow, Edlin-Smith had never formally introduced her as his wife—SHE was enough to take any man's breath away. After a pause, long enough to let her appearance make its

for ever what we are—[*In almost a whisper.*]—less than the very dogs.

[*An utter stillness, and Roberts stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.*

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WILSON. MAY 27, 1916

THIS great war that broke so suddenly upon the world two years ago, and which has swept within its flame so great a part of the civilised world, has affected us very profoundly, and we are not only at liberty, it is perhaps our duty, to speak very frankly of it and of the great interests of civilisation which it affects.

With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore. But so great a flood, spread far and wide to every quarter of the globe, has of necessity engulfed many a fair province of right that lies very near to us.

Our own rights as a nation, the liberties, the privileges, and the property of our people have been profoundly affected. We are not mere disconnected lookers-on.

The longer the war lasts the more deeply do we

He cut the string, just as his employer came in from the veranda. Edlin-Smith was cordial enough, thanked him, and poured him out a drink, but Peter soon perceived that he would be glad when he was gone.

SHE, he suspected, perceived that too. She made every pretext to delay him, insisting on the opening of each parcel, and embarrassing Peter by complimenting him on his taste. Edlin-Smith's manner grew more and more forced.

At last they reached the golf stockings. Peter, who had by now forgotten his resentment, felt a sudden dismay. Edlin-Smith's jaw dropped perceptibly when he saw the bill, but the woman burst into such loud exclamations of delight that he had to feign pleasure. To do him justice, he seemed after a minute or two to share her transports: to be pleased because she was pleased.

"They're the best he's ever had." She flashed a smile on Peter. "Much the best. Mr. Black evidently has very good taste. You ought to let him get all your clothes for you, darling."

Peter made some inarticulate protest. His eyes, in anguish, sought his employer's. But Edlin-Smith was beaming.

"I dare say you're right, darling," he said, and gave Peter a smile of frank goodwill.

Peter got up, clutching his hat.

to apprise the belligerents of the attitude which it would be our duty to take, of the policies and practices against which we would feel bound to use all our moral and economic strength, and in certain circumstances even our physical strength also, our own contribution to the counsel which might have averted the struggle would have been considered worth weighing and regarding.

And the lesson which the shock of being taken by surprise in a matter so deeply vital to all the nations of the world has made poignantly clear is that the peace of the world must henceforth depend upon a new and more wholesome diplomacy.

Only when the great nations of the world have reached some sort of agreement as to what they hold to be fundamental to their common interest, and as to feasible method of acting in concert when any *nation or group of nations seeks to disturb those* fundamental things, can we feel that civilisation is at last in a way of justifying its existence and claiming to be finally established.

It is clear that nations must in the future be governed by the same high code of honour that we demand of individuals.

We must, indeed, in the very same breath with which we avow this conviction admit that we have ourselves upon occasion in the past been offenders against the law of diplomacy which we thus forecast; but our conviction is not the less clear, but rather the more clear on that account.

when the telephone bell rang. Trafford's voice changed as he answered.

"Just one moment, please."

He came out, snapping his fingers, and clicking his tongue. Meeting Peter's glance, he said, "We haven't as much in the place."

"What is it?"

"She wants thirty pounds. We haven't it. I'll have to go out and cash a cheque and take it along to her."

Peter's heart leapt.

"Let me go."

"It's your lunch hour."

"That's all right. I can do it on the way."

Trafford looked dubious for a moment. Then he sat down and wrote the cheque.

"I wish to goodness she'd do her own dirty work," he said.

Peter felt a flare of rage. Suddenly he disliked Trafford very much indeed. Looking down at him, he noted with malicious pleasure that his hair was very thin on top.

"What do you mean?" he asked coldly.

"Get her own money out of the old man. Not that she doesn't get enough. She needn't drag us into it."

Peter could not trust himself to speak. He folded the cheque with shaking hand, and put it in his pocket.

"Cash that round the corner. I've made it out to

and we must move forward to the thought of the modern world, the thought of which peace is the very atmosphere. That thought constitutes a chief part of the passionate conviction of America.

We believe these fundamental things: First, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live. Like other nations, we have ourselves no doubt once and again offended against that principle when for a little while controlled by selfish passion, as our franker historians have been honourable enough to admit; but it has become more and more our rule of life and action. Second, that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon. And, third, that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

So sincerely do we believe in these things that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the people of the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realise these objects and make them secure against violation.

There is nothing that the United States wants for itself that any other nation has. We are willing, on the contrary, to limit ourselves along with them to a prescribed course of duty and respect for the rights of others which will check any selfish passion of

"Good morning, Mrs. Edlin-Smith. I'm——"

She was talking to a man and two women at her side.

"My dears, the most ridiculous thing. Of course, it was quite intolerable. I simply shrugged my shoulders, and told him what I thought. . . ."

Peter broke off. She was not looking at him. She went on talking. Then, presently, without a glance, without a word, she stretched out a hand, still telling her story, and took the envelope he put in it. She did not as much as say "Thank you".

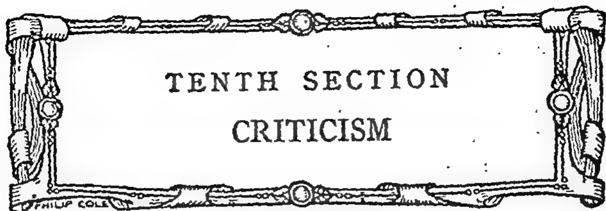
For a few seconds Peter stood, thinking she was absent-minded, absorbed in what she was saying, and would in a moment turn and speak to him. Then he realized. No one in the room was looking at him. He did not exist.

The blood flowed into his neck and face. He almost staggered, as from a physical blow. Then the hot flood receded, leaving him deadly pale. He stood stiffly, turned, and left the room. The doors closed behind him, muffling away the laughter and babble of the party.

Peter wrote that night, giving in his notice.

IX

He never found out whether Edlin-Smith received the letter. Next morning, soon after eleven, the big



CRITICISM

"A GENUINE criticism should, as I take it," said Hazlitt, "reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work." I turn to my dictionary and I find that it does not agree with Hazlitt. I find that while the word "critic" need, according to its origin, bear no meaning but that of a pronouncer of judgments, it does actually bear the primary meaning (in the opinion of my dictionary) of a pronouncer of adverse judgments, a censorious person. Now this is extraordinary! I take up the most influential of the weekly critical journals (which surely will know), and I read: "This is not a work to criticise, but to enjoy light-heartedly." And why is this "not a work to criticise"?—is there something in the act of criticism which is inimical, nay, which is antithetical, to the act of light-hearted enjoyment? Are all our critics, then, to be men of heavy heart and heavier pens? Are they to be weighted down with the professional pack of their learning and bent with the burden of delivering judgment? Are they to be tired persons, worn with the daily task of speaking



Peter was shocked at Edlin-Smith's appearance

must be criticism. It is illustrative of the desuetude into which criticism has fallen that although a journal called *The Critic* flourished almost without intermission from Smollett's day until our own, the journal which at present bears that title is a journal whose interests are limited to the movements of the markets. It is as though those were the only things whose colours, whose light and shade, whose soul and body, our age cared exactly to reflect. There are excellent critics of the game of golf; there are critics of football, of the Rugby code especially, who do their work so admirably, that one harbours secret wishes that they might be guilty of malversation, and so, like Hazlitt, write not only of Neate *versus* the Gas-man. I do not say that we have no literary criticism: there would be no literary supplement of *The Times*, for example, with an increased public and an unreduced integrity standing there to refute me. But I do think that two things are incontestable: one, that in the general rush and output from the press, literary evaluations are mixed or altogether wanting; and the other that for the natural critic to live by the genuine practice of his craft is more difficult than it should be.

P. P. Howe.

Peter looked from one to another. Then his eyes came back to the larger of the two men at the table, who, his hat tilted over the back of his head, was regarding him steadily.

"Well," said the man at last, "did you get it?"

"No: but——"

"Pity you had such a long run round. We could have saved you the trouble: couldn't we, Jim?"

"Aha."

"Now then!" Peter's questioner leaned forward, and his manner changed. "Perhaps you'll tell us what you are doing, running errands for a fence."

"For a——?"

"You heard me. For a fence. A receiver of stolen property."

Peter gasped.

"So *that's* what it's all about."

"I suppose you'll ask us to believe you didn't know."

Things were coming together swiftly in Peter's brain: details, unrelated before, rushing into huge significance.

For instance—the strange impression he had got from the descending back of the man who dropped the envelope in the box! The envelope—those lists! The odd, ex-service look of M'Canlis!

He struck himself suddenly on the forehead.

"You've got a cheek," said the man at the tab[le.] His mouth did not look quite so grim as before. "It['s] very lucky for you that there is a witness on you[r] side."

"I suppose it is. But look here—Superinten-dent——"

"Inspector." The eyes twinkled.

"Inspector. There are a lot of things I want to know."

"I dare say there are."

"Yes, but, tell me. Be a sport. I've had a mouldy time, copying out old ledgers and things. What was the point of it? Why that office? What did Edlin-Smith want me for?"

"Same as he wanted M'Canlis for, I suppose. Your nice innocent face."

"But what was he *up* to?"

"I told you. Receiving stolen property."

Peter thought briefly. "Yes, but—if that's so—why did you yourselves notify him each Monday morning what property *had* been stolen?"

The men looked at one another. Then the Inspector cleared his throat.

"You want to know too much," he said finally.

"Do tell me. I've been scratching my head over [t]his job ever since I got it."

"Well"—the Inspector shifted in his chair—"put [it] like this. If you suspect that a man is up to ...

d evil. Can that be really ugly that may sometimes ppear beautiful? Must not the beauty be there ways, though we cannot see it? What was the ision that made Keats say

There is a budding morrow in midnight?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his clever attack on Mr. Hardy's art, assumes with Matthew Arnold that art should "show us things as they are"; but art has nothing to do with the truth of things as they are, but with the impression they make on the artist's mind; sincerity we may demand from the artist but not truth, for who knows what is truth outside the narrow limits of mathematical science? Art is the expression of the artist's mood, not the representation of objective fact. To a poet in a lover's mood the sea smiles with him in his joy, the winds whisper the name of his beloved, the stars look down on him like friendly eyes; to the same poet, in another mood, the same sea looks grim and cruel, the winds mock his sighs, and the cold stars watch him with a passionless inscrutable gaze.

The gloom of Egdon Heath, the baseness of Sinister Street, the cruelty of Lear's daughters are not *facts*, but as subjective as Christmas at Dingley Dell or the Forest of Arden or things seen in a dream; but, like the things in dreams, they are more real than reality: they move us with more poignant emotions; while they are with us we enjoy a more concentrated ex-perience; they make us live more poetically, whil the mood they communicate endures.

"Cleared out?"

"Left him."

Once more light broke on Peter.

"Was that why he was in such a state . . . ?"

"Very probably. She'd been—er—a bit of a worry to him, had that lady."

"That's why," put in M'Canlis, "he took his eye off the ball."

"He——?"

"Slipped up in the trifling matter of the article you've been hunting for. He'd never have made such a mistake in his right mind."

Peter nodded heavily. He saw, too clearly, the lovely arms and shoulders, the perfect curve of the lips: heard the cool, amused voice.

"Well," he said. "You'll have to get the rest of it out of him. I can't tell you anything."

"Nor can he."

Something in the tone made Peter jump. He turned quickly, with an inarticulate inquiry.

"Shot himself, just as we came in. Didn't make quite a clean job of it. Men by his bed, but——"

Peter felt suddenly sick, and very tired. He sat down. The Inspector turned to M'Canlis.

"I think, as an employee, Mr. Black is entitled to a drink, don't you?"

"Especially as he may not get his last week's salary."

highest when we see it": that applies to God alone and not to the works of any of His creatures. But if "appreciate" be substituted for "see," then it is true of art.

The echo of poetry awakes not emotion but that shadow of emotion, sentimentalism; usually as harmless as it is useless; but capable of becoming, when indulged, the most pernicious influence that can enter the heart of man. The most infamous name in human history is his who died with the words on his lips, "What an artist perishes in me!" So have other sentimentalists deluded themselves, even in our own time. Criticism of letters, the effort to realise a genuine emotion, as Voltaire said, and Cicero before him, "nourishes the soul, strengthens its integrity, furnishes a solace to it"; but an uncritical susceptibility to mere sentiment is more dangerous than the craving for strong drink.

This matter is of such vital importance to my point of view that unless I succeed in making it clear and carrying the reader with me, the rest of my labour will be lost. I will try to explain by an example. Eliza Cook's verses on "The Old Arm-Chair" have been familiar to three generations:

> I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
> To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
> I've treasured it long, as a sainted prize,
> I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
> 'Tis bound by a thousand links to my heart;
> Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
> Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there.
> And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

"Cleared out?"

"Left him."

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"Very probably. She'd been—er—a bit of a worry to him, had that lady."

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"I think, as an employee, Mr. Black is entitled to a drink, don't you?"

"Especially as he may not get his last week's salary."

Cowper loved his mother more deeply than Eliza Cook loved hers? I believe that not the depth of emotion but the power to transmute it into music, the command of the emotional medium, constitutes the real difference. Words may be but a tinkling cymbal even when there *is* love.

But, secondly, the visual images, the pictures, in "The Old Arm-Chair" are vague and indefinite; we are not *made* to see them; and if we wish to do so we must construct them for ourselves "from information received." Then we have to view an old arm-chair as "a prize"—an unusual rôle for a piece of second-hand furniture to play; and as it has been "bedewed," a risk to which indoor effects are not meant to be subjected nor formed to sustain, it is not likely to excite much competition even though its being "embalmed" (but "sighs" are a poor preservative) might seem to warrant its durability. But whoever wins this prize must apparently take the lady as well; for it "is bound by a thousand links to her heart," not one of which will break. One line of Cowper, "The meek intelligence of those dear eyes," has more worth for the imagination than this whole stanza. I should be very sorry to make fun of a daughter's love for her dead mother. I am trying to show that the form of emotional expression does not convey the real emotion, and that those who fancy themselves "moved" by it are from laziness or carelessness taking the shadow for the substance and deluding themselves with mere words. By such readers the

NOTES

Harry Mortimer Batten was born in Singapore in 1888 and is well known as an inventor as well as an author and lecturer. He studied natural history and game preservation in Canada and British Columbia and wrote numerous books, articles and short stories on animals and birds. He has also broadcast many short stories, and by this means has stimulated interest in the countryside. His contributions on technical subjects to the motoring and engineering press mark him out as a man of many parts. It is, of course, stories like the one given here that have gained him a high place with the reading public.

"Now wild animals can feel each other's thoughts," is a sentence from this story. It would seem that his years of close observation and study have given Mortimer Batten the same insight. There are a number of very apt descriptive phrases in this story. Look for them. What do you think he meant by "the wet air crept"?

A.H.B. (H. E. Chamberlain) was born in Kent but lives in Cornwall, which he considers the only county worth living in in Britain. He served for sixteen years in the Merchant Service, in all classes of vessels from "tramp" steamers to Atlantic liners. During the Second World War he served four years with the Army Intelligence Service. He writes mainly of the sea and of travel, as is to be expected from one who has seen so much of both.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY AND MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN G MINOR [1]

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

About once every six months I am seized with a desire to hear the Unfinished Symphony. If this is impracticable, the desire can be partly assuaged by the G Minor of Mozart; failing this, nothing but violent distraction of work—a revolting alternative—can get rid of it. I do not say that these are the two greatest symphonies in the world, or that Schubert and Mozart are the two greatest composers. But there is something about the Unfinished and the G Minor which no other music possesses, as the man says in Kipling, "These are the pure magic. These are the clear vision. The rest is only poetry." When the human race stands at the bar on the day of judgment to show justification for its existence, we shall doubtless have a great deal to say; but our best defence will be to send for an orchestra and play, first, the rise of the violins above the theme in the slow movement of the G Minor, and second, the call of the horn just before the reprise in the second movement of the Unfinished, on the octave of E, *pianissimo*, four times repeated.

Nothing can alter the effect of the Unfinished. I have heard it played by a superb orchestra, by a moderate orchestra, by an amateur orchestra; under

[1] From *The Promenade Ticket* by the late A. H. Sidgwick. By permission.

and perplexities have amused innumerable readers. This *story* shows him at his most characteristic.

Captain William Earl Johns was born in 1893. He entered the Army in 1913 and served in the First World War. In 1916 he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. He was wounded and shot down in 1918 and taken prisoner. He escaped three times but was recaptured each time. Flying duty at home and abroad claimed him till 1930 when he took up aviation journalism. In 1939 he began to lecture to air cadets and to concentrate on writing for boys, notably the stories about "Biggles", a character he invented as representing adventurous British youth and who proved to be extremely popular. There are more than fifty books on this theme, and they have been translated into seventeen different languages.

It is very natural that his short stories should have flying as a background, and this example well illustrates this, though its interest does not lie in the actual flying but in the episode in which the pilot was involved. Note the references which establish this tale as one told by an air pilot. Does the story told by Day seem as believable to you as it seemed to Tommy?

Liam O'Flaherty was born in 1897, on the Aran Islands, Co. Galway. He served in the First World War and was invalided out in 1918. He travelled a great deal in the next few years in Asia Minor and in North and South America, doing a number of different things to pay his way. On his return to Ireland he settled down to writing or, as he says in his Autobiography, "to writings, rearing Kerry goats, playing the melodeon and

There is a phrase of a Shakespeare critic which always comes into my mind at the crisis of this movement. The two beautiful themes for wood-wind and strings, by which most people remember this symphony, are laid aside altogether in the working out—silenced, as it were, by the terrific unison on the key-note of the minor which opens it. We return to the first theme of all—the dim fore-boding in the 'cellos and basses on which the symphony begins. It sinks down low on the 'cellos, rises high on the fiddles, quickening its pace as the pain becomes more unbearable. Thrice with increasing passion the strings range down two octaves, from loud to soft, from frenzy to despair: thrice they are interrupted by the sad whisper of the wood-wind in syncopation. And then—it is the supreme moment of the symphony—while we wonder what climax of agony is coming, we return simply to the plain theme with which we started, thundered out in the key of E minor. As the Shakespeare critic says, "The last terror confronts us: our dream has come true."

This is as far as I am prepared to go in the sweet but fallacious game of programme-interpretation. The symphony, after all, is a symphony and not an ordered exposition of the woes of humanity, and if we ever get over-objectifying we are brought up sharp against some purely musical law which breaks the logical order of the interpretation. In this case, after the climax and the terrible hurrying on the

organization known as The Sealed Knot did exist. You will at once recollect more recent historical parallels, proving that there is nothing new under the sun. You will note all the details are accumulated to focus attention on the main theme. There might be a sense of anticlimax in the fate of Redface. How does the author prevent this?

tortured imagination. One can only hope that Schubert felt that the price was not paid in vain; that the little spectacled man who suffered and sorrowed and died young was glad to lay this supreme tribute of sorrow and suffering at the feet of the gods who loved him.

THE G MINOR SYMPHONY OF MOZART

THE G Minor Symphony of Mozart is not to be criticised; it stands secure above all criticism. If anyone frames a definition of good music, the only question is, "Does the definition cover the G Minor?" If it does not, you need not worry further.

If you resent this *ex cathedrâ* judgment, I can only say, "Listen to the slow movement." Is there anything else created by man in this imperfect world to touch it? The first statement of the theme, with the strings entering one above the other, and the successive swoops down to B and A natural against the soft E flat of the horns, is wonder enough. But this is only the beginning. On the repeat the violins soar away above, revealing new splendours in the firma-ment; and there follows all the delicious interplay o demi-semi-quavers skipping up and down the scal with the strong measure of the theme proceedin gravely underneath. The final miracle comes—in t usual place for miracles—at the end of the work out, where a little dialogue of four bars betw flute and oboe marks, once and for ever, the furt

on the folly of pretending to know what in truth we do not—is not a cause of satisfying fullness.

Ignorance it is right to confess, but it is never a thing to glory in. Only in an age in which rash assertion and mistaken tradition dominated thought too strongly was the flag of the Agnostic a conquering and triumphant emblem.

The battle has already shifted to other grounds; and before the end of his life Huxley realised that a great part of his warfare on the negative side was accomplished, and that it remained to restrain his camp-followers from prowling too savagely among the dead and wounded.

The essential and permanent aspect of his teaching, like the teaching of all men of science, lies on the positive side; and here effort is still necessary, for, though a great deal has been accomplished, the scientific training and interest of the average educated man is still lamentably deficient. Nor are the attempts to remedy the deficiency, as carried out in schools and colleges, always of the wisest and happiest kind. Nevertheless an effort is being made; and when things have settled down into their due proportion, future generations will recognise how much they owe to the preachings and teachings, the lay sermons and lectures, of Huxley.

The supremacy of truth, the reality of things, th[e] cultivation of the senses, the need for realistic educa[tion] and understanding of the physical univers[e] in the midst of which man is set, the folly of yieldi[ng]

cease to limit yourselves to the fancies and speculations of more ignorant times: that was Huxley's message.

A piece of chalk, he said, rightly interpreted, will tell you more about the physical history of the world than myriads of books. Try and learn the language of the chalk—"it is easier than Latin," so he said; and whoso knows the true history of a bit of chalk in a carpenter's pocket "is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature."

This is language appropriate to intellectual warfare. It is part of his battle cry, it is an emphatic statement of one side of the truth, it is not the whole truth. Its comparative side is its weak side: it is not really necessary to decry other forms of learning in order to exalt one—and Huxley showed later that he did not think so; it was only because one side was being neglected, and the other was in possession of the field, that he stood up manfully for the outcast, and dragged it into a prominent position.

The comparative side of his utterance was pugnacious, and therefore temporary, but the positive side is eternally true. Every bit of chalk *is* related to all the rest of the universe; and he who would know all about it—the life of the creatures whose

dramatically and impersonally voiced a violent development of the same feeling:

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the
    silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-
    worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth
    that is dead?

And again in "Vastness":

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-
    coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps
    of a meaningless Past?

But in the fighting age such instincts and feelings and longings had rigorously to be suppressed. They were too perilously near the old bulwarks of superstition, which were to be broken down. Hence the side of assured positive knowledge was to be kept in the van—there was indeed plenty to do—and a more comprehensive understanding of the puzzles of existence might wait until some positive knowledge began to appear, throwing the light of day upon them also.

While things remain in the dark they must be ignored. This is the basis of the Agnostic position. Flashes of speculation inevitably broke around it, and the hope was not lacking that "out of the molecular forces in a mutton chop Hamlet or Faust

be rendered unto Cæsar. Of things not so belonging it need not yet be the time to discourse.

It would be a great mistake to assume that in all his contentions Huxley was right: we can imagine his sarcasm at the notion of infallibility in connection with his utterances. In a few cases he went, in my judgment, seriously wrong; and, led astray by controversial successes, he occasionally inflicted undeserved blows upon causes which had much of good in them and which might have flourished with his help—upon such a cause as the early efforts at social work of the Salvation Army, for instance. And, by his concentrated insistence on the material side of things, he sometimes led his hearers to imagine that it was the only side that mattered, or even the only one that existed. Nevertheless it was not really against Religion that Huxley was wielding his battle-axe: it was against the Fetishism, the Polytheism, the Theism or Atheism and many other isms, with the relative merits and demerits of which, as he said, he had nothing to do:—"But this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs: and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship

THE POETRY OF SCOTT

The critic who would praise without reserve the poetry of Scott has not only all the other critics against him, but has to reckon with Sir Walter himself. He frankly stated that he never cared much for his own poetry: he did not think it of sufficient excellence for his children to read, but regarded it as a "light horse" kind of rhyme, fit for young men fond of adventure and of the open air. In his address to William Erskine, his friend and adviser, in the Preface to the Third Canto of *Marmion*, he speaks as all honest poets must speak to all such friends. These are continually asking a man not to be himself, not to do what heaven has given him the power of doing, but to attempt something else. Erskine wanted Scott to study the classics.

Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

He suggested topics: "Brunswick's venerable hearse," the "Red Cross Knight," or a revival of Tragedy, which Sir Walter, as enthusiastic for his friends' work as indifferent to his own, thought had been sufficiently revived by Miss Joanna Baillie. He himself was content to—

Ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me as a child.

sounds. He gives us no deep thoughts, few really magical cadences, no trimmed and polished art. He is at the opposite pole from Virgil, but he is, except in his lack of reflection, very closely akin to a greater than Virgil, to Homer. He is, and he is likely to remain, the Latest Minstrel, the last voice of the old world, akin to Homer, still more akin to Homer's bards. Phemius and Demodocus. The deeds, not the thoughts of men, are his matter; passions expressed in action, not passions analysed in the poetic laboratory. So potent was his genius, so inspiring the martial tramp and clang of his measures, that he made the new world listen to the accents of the old. But the world must go its own way, and think its new thoughts, with Shelley, with Tennyson, with Wordsworth. Scott drove the shadow back on the dial for an hour, as it were; but the shadow, the pale cast of *thought*, crept forward again. We have left behind us the age which delights in long narrative poems; we take our narratives now in prose. . Thus the Muse of Scott could not expect always to be received with the early raptures which never were critical raptures. The reviewers, from Jeffrey downwards, were from the first very keen to note the faults of which Sir Walter himself was so keenly conscious—the recklessness, the occasional blank defect of inspiration, the hasty and inaccurate rhyme, the lapses into doggerel. The public, too, slackened in its *engouēment*. Byron, the first and greatest of Scott's imitators, gave them verse often much inferior to his. But Byron's personal

ELEVENTH SECTION
INSIGHT AND VISION

THE FUTURE OF MAN

(Mr. Huss speaks.)

"We do not realise what in a little while mankind could do. Our power over matter, our power over life, our power over ourselves, would increase year by year and day by day. . . .

"And such knowledge and power and beauty as we poor watchers before the dawn can guess at are but the beginning of all that could arise out of these shadows and this torment. Not for ever shall life be marooned upon this planet, imprisoned by the cold and incredible emptiness of space. Is it not plain to you all, from what man in spite of everything has achieved, that he is but at the beginning of achievement? That presently he will take his body and his life and mould them to his will, that he will take gladness and beauty for himself as a girl will pick a flower and twine it in her hair. You have said that when industrial competition ends among men all change in the race will be at an end. But you said that unthinkingly. For when a collective will grows plain, there will be no blind thrusting into life and no blind battle to keep in life, like the battle

NIGHT THOUGHTS

"ANYTUS and Meletus can kill me, but they cannot hurt me," said Socrates; and Governor Sancho, with all the itch of newly-acquired authority, could not make the young weaver of steel heads for lances sleep in prison. In the Vision of Er the souls passed straight forward under the throne of necessity, and out into the plains of forgetfulness, where they must severally drink of the river of unmindfulness whose waters cannot be held in any vessel. The throne, the plain, and the river are still here, but in the distance rise the great lone heavenward hills, and the wise among us no longer ask of the Gods Lethe, but rather remembrance. Necessity can set me helpless on my back, but she cannot keep me there, nor can four walls limit my vision. I pass out from under her throne into the garden of God a free man, to my ultimate beatitude or my exceeding shame. All day long this world lies open to me; ay, and other worlds also, if I will but have it so; and when night comes I pass into the kingdom and power of the dark.

I lie through the long hours and watch my bridge which is set with lights across the gloom; watch the traffic which is for me but so many passing lamp telling their tale by varying height and brightnes I hear under my window the sprint of over-tire horses; the rattle of uncertain wheels as the stree

our concrete daily life. The working of the great microcosm at which we peer dimly through the little window of science; the wonderful, breathing earth; the pulsing, throbbing sap; the growing fragrance shut in the calyx of to-morrow's flower; the heart-beat of a sleeping world that we dream that we know; and around, above, and interpenetrating all, the world of dreams, of angels and of spirits.

For the moment we have left behind the realm of question and explanation, of power over matter and the exercise of bodily faculties; and passed into darkness alight with visions we cannot see, into silence alive with voices we cannot hear. Like helpless men we set our all on the one thing left us, and lift up our hearts, knowing that we are but a mere speck among a myriad worlds, yet greater than the sum of them; having our roots in the dark places of the earth, but our branches in the sweet airs of heaven.

It is the material counterpart of the "Night of the Soul." We have left our house and set forth in the darkness which paralyses those faculties that make us men in the world of men. But surely the great mystics, with all their insight and heavenly love, fell short when they sought freedom in complete separateness from creation instead of in perfect unity with it. The Greeks knew better when they flung Ariadne's crown among the stars, and wrote Demeter's grief on a barren earth, and Persephone's joy in the fruitful field. For the earth is gathered up in man; he is the whole which is greater than the sum of its

its mystery; thwart ourselves with riddles of our own suggesting; and turn away, leaving our offering but half consumed on the altar of the unknown god. It was not the theft of fire that brought the vengeance of heaven upon Prometheus, but the mocking sacrifice. Orpheus lost Euridice because he must see her face before the appointed time. Persephone ate of the pomegranate and hungered in gloom for the light of day which should have been endless.

The universe is full of miracle and mystery; the darkness and silence are set for a sign we dare not despise. The pall of night lifts, leaving us engulphed in the light of immensity under a tossing heaven of stars. The dawn breaks, but it does not surprise us, for we have watched from the valley and seen the pale twilight. Through the wondrous Sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue, the light brightens in the East; and we pass on towards it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with us all of the redeemed earth that we have made our own, until we are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter Day, and the people come from north and south and east and west to the City which lieth four-square—the Beatific Vision of God.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

When you think of the youth that you have lost, the times when it seems to you now that life was most poignantly good may not be the ones when everything seemed at the time to go well with your plans, and the world, as they say, to be at your feet; rather some few unaccountable moments when nothing took place that was out of the way and yet some word of a friend's, or a look on the face of the sky, the taste of a glass of spring water, the plash of laughter and oars heard across midsummer meadows at night raised the soul of enjoyment within you to strangely higher powers of itself. That spirit bloweth and is still: it will not rise for our whistling nor keep a time-table; no wine that we know can give us anything more than a fugitive caricature of its ecstasies. When it has blown free we remember it always, and know, without proof, that while the rapture was there we were not drunk, but wise; that for a moment some intervening darkness had thinned and we were seeing further than we can see now into the heart of life.

To one recollection at least it seemed that the New Army's spring-time of faith and joyous illusion came to its height on a night late in the most beautiful Ma of 1915, in a hut where thirty men slept near a fores in Essex. Nothing particular happened; the nig was like others. Yet in the times that came aft when half of the thirty were dead and most of others jaded and soured, the feel of that night wo come back with the strange distinctness of th

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VISION

(II)

Among the mind's powers is one that comes of itself to many children and artists. It need not be lost, to the end of his days, by anyone who has ever had it. This is the power of taking delight in a thing, or rather in anything, everything, not as a means to some other end, but just because it is what it is, as the lover dotes on whatever may be the traits of the beloved object. A child in the full health of his mind will put his hand flat on the summer turf, feel it, and give a little shiver of private glee at the elastic firmness of the globe. He is not thinking how well it will do for some game or to feed sheep upon. That would be the way of the wooer whose mind runs on his mistress's money. The child's is sheer affection, the true ecstatic sense of the thing's inherent characteristics. No matter what the things may be, no matter what they are good or no good for, there they are, each with a thrilling unique look and feel of its own, like a face, the iron astringently cool under its paint, the painted wood familiarly warmer, the clod crumbling enchantingly down in the hands, with its little dry smell of the sun and of hot nettles; each common thing a personality marked by delicious differences.

This joy of an Adam new to the garden and just looking round is brought by the normal child to the

LANGUAGE

THE rich sound of voices impressed him above all things, and he saw that words have a far higher reason than the utilitarian office of imparting a man's thought. The common notion that language and linked words are important only as a means of expression he found a little ridiculous; as if electricity were to be studied solely with a view to "wiring" to people, and all its other properties left unexplored, neglected. Language, he understood, was chiefly important for the beauty of its sounds, by its possession of words resonant, glorious to the ear, by its capacity, when exquisitely arranged, of suggesting wonderful and indefinable impressions, perhaps more ravishing and farther removed from the domain of strict thought than the impressions excited by music itself. Here lay the hidden secret of the sensuous art of literature, it was the secret of suggestion, the art of causing delicious sensation by the use of words. In a way, therefore, literature was independent of thought; the mere English listener, if he had an ear attuned, could recognise the beauty of a splendid Latin phrase.

Here was the explanation of the magic of *Lycidas*. From the standpoint of the formal understanding it was an affected lament over some wholly uninteresting and unimportant Mr. King; it was full of nonsense

vanishing away, a world beyond all expression or analysis, neither of the intellect nor of the senses. . . .

He cured himself of one great aversion. He was no longer nauseated at the sight of a story begun and left unfinished. Formerly, even when an idea rose in his mind bright and wonderful, he had always approached the paper with a feeling of sickness and dislike, remembering all the hopeless beginnings he had made. But now he understood that to begin a romance was almost a separate and special art, a thing apart from the story, to be practised with sedulous care. Whenever an opening scene occurred to him he noted it roughly in a book, and he devoted many long winter evenings to the elaboration of these beginnings. Sometimes the first impression would yield only a paragraph or a sentence, and once or twice but a splendid and sonorous word, which seemed to Lucian all dim and rich with unsurmised adventure. But often he was able to write three o
four vivid pages, studying above all things the hin
and significance of the words and actions, strivin
to work into the lines the atmosphere of expectati
and promise, and the murmur of wonderful eve
to come.

In this one department of his task the labour see
almost endless. He would finish a few pages and t
rewrite them, using the same incident and nearly
same words, but altering that indefinite some
which is scarcely so much style as manner or a
sphere. He was astonished at the enormous c

matter, seemed to have a part in this curious quality of suggestion, and in that sphere which might almost be called supernatural. To these books he often had recourse, when further effort appeared altogether hopeless, and certain pages of Coleridge and Edgar Allan Poe had the power of holding him in a trance of delight, subject to emotions and impressions which he knew to transcend altogether the realm of the formal understanding. Such lines as:

> Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
> And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
> With forms that no man can discover
> For the dews that drip all over;

had for Lucian more than the potency of a drug, lulling him into a splendid waking-sleep, every word being a supreme incantation.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

SUPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting

rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam

are plucked; and then you can't come up again. ature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is ettled so far as nature is concerned. Her Bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education—which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease an

inevitable evil. True vision will show us that, without death, life would lose many of its subtler beauties.

Our mortality is a provision necessary for the transmission of life. If there were no death, neither you who read these words nor I who write them would ever have walked this earth; for long before we were ushered into life the world would have been filled to overflowing with a jostling crowd of human beings, cursed with the gift of physical immortality, and there would have been no elbow room for more. Death makes possible the transference of life, with all its opportunities, from one generation to another:

Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.

And death gives life dynamic. If man knew that his days on earth were to be endless, if he were conscious that he would still persist, through infinite æons of time, with the same body and the same faculties as he has to-day, a denizen of the same earth, all incentive to bestir himself except to seek food and clothing would be lost. There would be no desire to make his mark in the world; no stimulating ambition to leave the world a little better than he found it; no hungry aspiration to be remembered after he is dead—for death is not to lay hands upon him. If there were no death, life would become a thing stagnant, monotonous and unspeakably burdensome.

Practically all the progress that man has made is due to the fact that he is mortal. He has recognised that he is in this world only for a little while, and this knowledge has been a goad to stimulate him to mak

A world without a child would be a place in which here was no call for some of the finer and most beautiful emotions to which the human soul can give expression. If we were robbed of the opportunity of lavishing our affection on little children our natures would run the risk of becoming warped and atrophied.

As George Eliot said, "In every parting there is an image of death," and it is this simulacrum which flavours all human farewells with a sweet sadness, while it hallows all reunions with a holy joy. When a mother parts with her first-born son, whom the adventure of life has called to the other end of the world, it is death that gives a special poignancy to their parting. They may never see each other on earth again. That is the unspoken thought that, like a drawn sword, lies keen upon their hearts, and it is that which gives a fragrance to every letter that passes between them during the long years of their separation, and which makes holy ground of the old hearth-stone when they forgather about it again.

And death lends a peculiar sanctity to human love. Is not the marriage promise, "Till death us do part"? The bride of a man's youth, the faithful counsellor of his middle life, and the loyal companion of his old age is made dearer to him, and he to her, by the knowledge that some day death will separate them. And it is the same knowledge that makes a young mothe clasp her sick child to her breast in an impotent agon of love and fear. A man may love his books, he m be proud of his collection of pictures, of old furnitu

But the part played by death in the attainment of this result is too often lost sight of. It is not so much the effluxion of time, as the scavenging of death, which gives to the events of history the justice of true perspective. So long as the participators in some great accomplishment are still alive, it is almost impossible to estimate with accuracy the true value, the justice or injustice, of their deeds. They tend to preserve the atmosphere in which the event was consummated; they cannot rid themselves of the spirit of partisanship; their prejudices or biases persist with them, and tend to leaven the opinion of their contemporaries. But one by one they make their exit from the stage; the limelight is extinguished with them; the orchestra is silent, and the clean air of heaven sweeps the edifice ere the new players and the fresh spectators take their places. Then, and not till then, does it become possible to appraise at its true worth the performance of the departed players.

Under the directing finger of the great First Cause man has climbed slowly, with bleeding feet and torn hands, from lower types to the development of to-day. If there had been no death, it is very doubtful if man would yet have attained his present degree of evolution. Death has rapidly suppressed the atypical, the weaklings and those not qualified for survival; the "fittest" have been spared the longest, and whatever physical, or mental, or moral quality has had value has tended to persist.

It is impossible to judge of the beauty and sym

TWELFTH SECTION

RHYTHMIC PROSE

DAWN

At these non-human hours they could get quite close to the water-fowl. Herons came, with a great bold noise as of opening doors and shutters, out of the boughs of a plantation which they frequented at the side of the mead; or, if already on the spot, hardily maintained their standing in the water as the pair walked by, watching them by moving their heads round in a slow, horizontal, passionless wheel, like the turn of puppets by clockwork.

They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, woolly, level, and apparently no thicker than counter-panes, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent. On the grey moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night—dark-green islands of dry herbage the size of their carcases in the general sea of dew. From each island proceeds a serpentine trail, by which the cows had rambled away to feed after getting up, at the end o which trail they found her; the snoring puffs from he nostrils, when she recognised them, making an intens little fog of her own amid the prevailing one. Th they drove the animals back to the barton, or sat do to milk them on the spot, as the case might requi

hour for the funeral, poteen was served to a number of men who stood about upon the road, and a portion was brought to me in my room. Then the coffin was carried out, sewn loosely in sail-cloth, and held near the ground by three cross-poles lashed upon the top. As we moved down to the low eastern portion of the island, nearly all the men, and all the oldest women, wearing petticoats over their heads, came out and joined in the procession.

While the grave was being opened the women sat down among the flat tombstones, bordered with a pale fringe of early bracken, and began the wild keen, or crying for the dead. Each old woman, as she took her turn in the leading recitative, seemed possessed for the moment with a profound ecstasy of grief, swaying to and fro, and bending her forehead to the stone before her, while she called out to the dead with a perpetually recurring chant of sobs.

All round the graveyard other wrinkled women, looking out from under the deep red petticoats that cloaked them, rocked themselves with the same rhythm, and intoned the inarticulate chant that is sustained by all as an accompaniment.

The morning had been beautifully fine, but a they lowered the coffin into the grave, thund rumbled overhead and hailstones hissed amo the bracken.

In Inishmaan one is forced to believe in a sympa between man and nature, and at this moment, w the thunder sounded a death-peal of extraordi

wo men had rebuilt the hole in the wall through hich the coffin had been carried in, we walked back o the village, talking of anything, as if merely coming from the boatslip or the pier.

One man told me of the poteen-drinking that takes place at some funerals.

"A while since," he said, "there were two men fell down in the graveyard while the drink was on them. The sea was rough that day, the way no one could go to bring the doctor, and one of the men never woke again, and found death that night."

J. M. SYNGE.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

PERHAPS her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanour, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral . . . and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm-trees, and the Arch-bishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncl Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen wit

pening dropwort clusters, and at the lower end f the spikes were the full-blown singular, snow-white, cottony flowers—our strange and beautiful water edelweiss.

A group of ancient, gnarled and twisted alder bushes, with trunks like trees, grew just on the margin of the pond, and by-and-by I found a comfortable arm-chair on the lower stout horizontal branches overhanging the water, and on that seat I rested for a long time, enjoying the sight of that rare unexpected loveliness.

The chiff-chaff, the common warbler of this moorland district, was now abundant, more so than anywhere else in England; two or three were flitting about among the alder leaves within a few feet of my head, and a dozen at least were singing within hearing, chiff-chaffing near and far, their notes sounding strangely loud at that still, sequestered spot. Listening to that insistent sound I was reminded of Warde Fowler's words about the sweet season which brings new life and hope to men, and how a seal and sanction is put on it by that same small bird's clear resonant voice. I endeavoured to recall the passage, saying to myself that in order to enter fully into the feeling expressed it is sometimes essential to know an author's exact words. Failing in this, I listened again to the bird; then let m eyes rest on the expanse of red and cream-coloure spikes before me, then on the masses of flame-yello furze beyond, then on something else. I was end

was the last to go; who was with me but yesterday, as it seemed, and stood still in our walk and turned to bid me listen to that same double note, that little spring melody which had returned to us; and who led me, waist-deep in the flowering meadow grasses, to look for this same beautiful white flower which I had found here, and called it our "English edelweiss." How beautiful it all was! We thought and felt as one. That bond uniting us, unlike all other bonds, was unbreakable and everlasting. If one had said that life was uncertain it would have seemed a meaningless phrase. Spring's immortality was in us; ever-living earth was better than any home in the stars which eye hath not seen nor heart conceived. Nature was all in all; we worshipped her, and her wordless messages in our hearts were sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

To me, alone on that April day, alone on the earth as it seemed for a while, the sweet was indeed changed to bitter, and the loss of those who were one with me in feeling appeared to my mind as a monstrous betrayal, a thing unnatural, almost incredible. Could I any longer love and worship this dreadful power that made us and filled our hearts with gladness— could I say of it, "Though it slay me yet will I trust it"?

By-and-by the tempest subsided, but the cloud returned after the rain, and I sat on in a deep melan- choly, my mind in a state of suspense. Then litt by little the old influence began to reassert itse

me and cradle of its race, than, all perils and pains rgot, it begins to tell aloud the overflowing joy f the resurrection, calling earth to put on her living arment, to rejoice once more in the old undying gladness—that small trumpet will teach you something. Let your reason serve you as well as its lower faculties have served this brave little traveller from a distant land."

Is this then the best consolation my mysterious mentor can offer? How vain, how false it is!—how little can reason help us! The small bird exists only in the present; there is no past, nor future, nor knowledge of death. Its every action is the result of a stimulus from outside; its "bravery" is but that of a dead leaf or ball of thistle-down carried away by the blast.

Is there no escape, then, from this intolerable sadness—from the thought of springs that have been, the beautiful multitudinous life that has vanished? Our maker and mother mocks at our efforts—at our philosophic refuges, and sweeps them away with a wave of emotion. And yet there is deliverance, the old way of escape which is ours, whether we want it or not. Nature herself in her own good time heals the wound she inflicts—even this most grievous in seeming when she takes away from us the faith and hope of reunion with our lost. They may be in a world of light, waiting our coming—we do not know; but in that place they are unimaginable, their state inconceivable. They were like us, being

we cease to remember them, when their images come no longer unbidden to our minds. They are present in nature: through ourselves, receiving but what we give, they have become part and parcel of it and give it an expression. As when the rain clouds disperse and the sun shines out once more, heaven and earth are filled with a chastened light, sweet to behold and very wonderful, so because of our lost ones, because of the old grief at their loss, the visible world is touched with a new light, a tenderness and grace and beauty not its own.

W. H. HUDSON.

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